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James Burnham on
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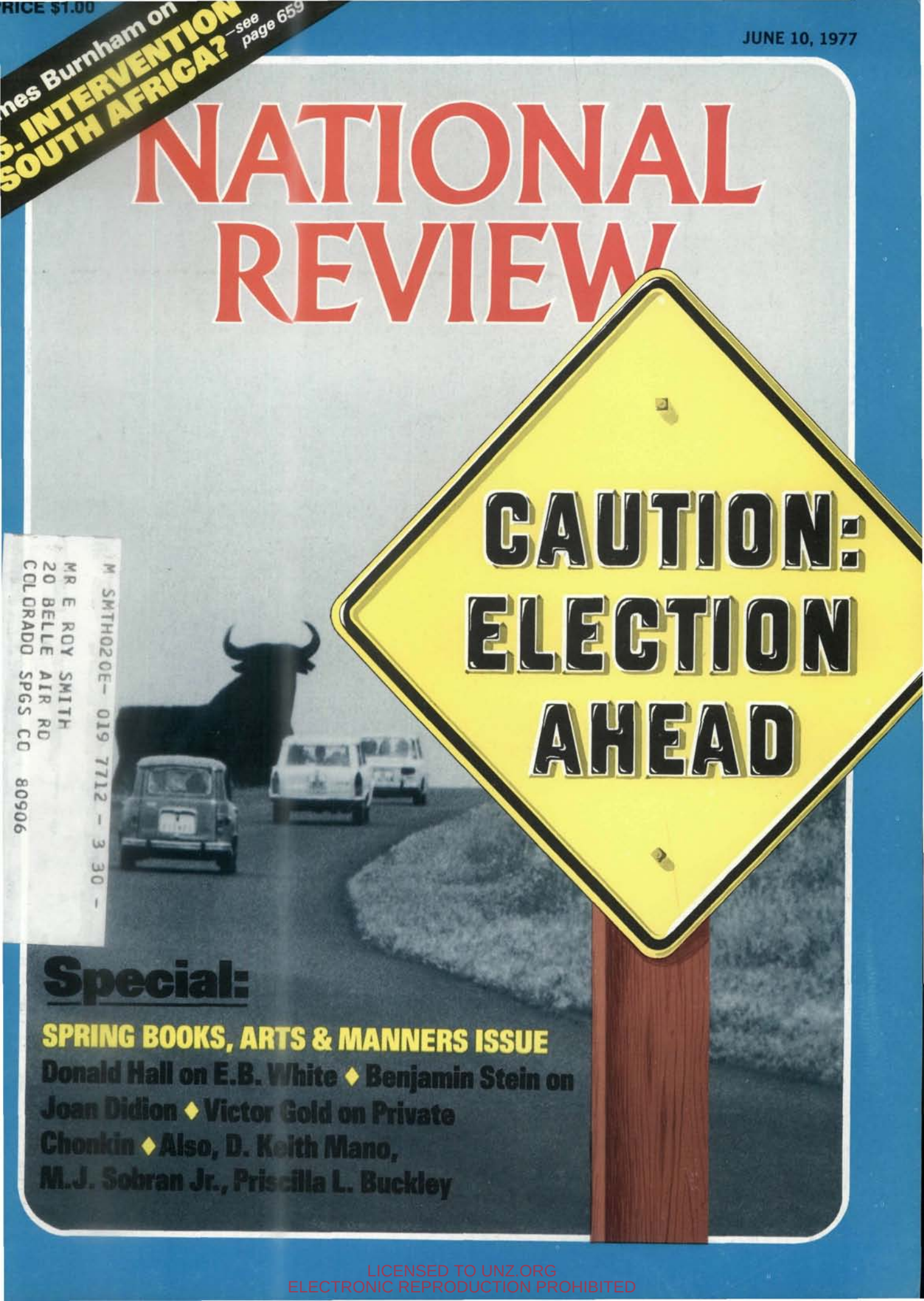
JUNE 10, 1977

NATIONAL REVIEW



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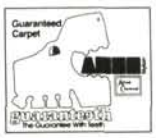

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Musings of an oil person...

Pretty exciting two weeks. People actually asking for our opinion. Lots of them. And after all those years of trying to get them to listen! Everywhere we go -- parties, the supermarket, on the train -- people want to know what we think about the President's energy program. Usually tell them, right or wrong, it's nice to finally have a proposed energy policy. Something we've been urging a long time. Only wish we knew more details. Like the program's heavy reliance on converting utilities and industrial energy users to coal. How much will it cost? Can industry afford it? Heavy tax for those who don't convert, starting in 1979 for industry and 1983 for utilities. Is that enough time for them to convert? And what kind of coal will they be allowed to burn? Can environmental compromises needed for such a program be reached? And, if not, can the necessary new equipment be installed in time, and will it work? So far, no word on this. No word, either, on where the coal will come from. Underground-mined eastern coal or surface-mined western? Eastern means deeper, lower-volume mines -- will there be enough miners? If it's western coal, can environmental procedures be completed in time?... I know we burn a lot of gasoline in this country. But is an escalating tax on gasoline the best way to cut fuel consumption? Maybe we should be relying on natural market forces, for a change. Will tax be fair to people who have to drive a great deal in order to make a living? How will the penalty tax on big cars affect the fellow with limited dollars and a big family to tote around?... Lots of other new taxes included in the program. Not only on gasoline and automobiles, but also on oil and natural gas for industrial and utility use, on domestic crude oil, and so on. Taxes mean higher prices. Will we be blamed again even though we don't get the money? After all, people worry about higher prices for things like gasoline and heating oil. The President talked about returning proceeds from the new taxes to the people. Am I a cynic? Does it just seem that when a tax is imposed, less money comes out to "the people" than went in to the government?... Listened carefully, but didn't hear the President mention any plans for developing offshore oil and gas reserves in promising new areas. Would have liked to see solid recognition that conservation alone isn't going to solve our energy problems. Seems as though a provision for the rapid development of our domestic oil and gas ought to be part of a national energy policy, particularly if there are problems getting coal out on time.... Did hear him loud and clear, though, when he said the 1979 decontrol of domestic crude oil prices -- called for under existing law -- wouldn't happen. Wonder whether the natural gas price deregulation he promised during the election campaign will ever occur? Where does that leave us? He said companies should be able to plan in a climate of certainty. Well, we're spending a lot of money in the search for oil and gas, and now it seems the rules are being changed in the middle of the game again.... We're probably paranoid after all these years, but the comment about not enough competition in the oil industry seemed uncalled for. So did proposal for new reporting procedures. Is the government going to impose the same accounting requirements on other vertically integrated industries? Or did the President really tell us to be good, and maybe we wouldn't be divested?... Really did like, though, the President's call for "the moral equivalent of war" to resolve America's energy problems. That's our kind of talk! Can remember how everybody pulled together during World War II. There was nothing this country couldn't do back then. Build a ship a week. Turn out more of everything we needed to win than anybody thought was possible. Sure it meant sacrifices. But we shared them equally. And we got the job done. Only hope the sacrifices we need to cope with our energy problems will be shared just as fairly.

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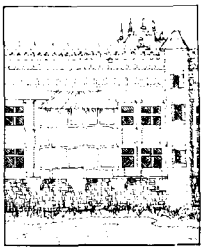

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The next world war will probably be launched from submarines. That is the organizing principle of much of our defense, intelligence, and surveillance, and of Soviet efforts to hamstring those operations. Since the U.S. nuclear fleet can't be destroyed, the Russians are concentrating their mischief against higher links in the chain.
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Letters

Galbraith's Ascension

I hope George Stigler enjoyed writing his dissection of John Kenneth Galbraith ["The Heckler: John Kenneth Galbraith's Marathon Television Series," May 27] as much as I enjoyed reading it. For the most part, he was able to accomplish his task by sheer economic reasoning, but once in a while he allowed a bit of wonderful deadpan humor to creep in—as when he's describing the "cardboard enlargements of classical economists" used to illustrate Galbraith's discussion of their theories, and then adds: "Their animation compares favorably with Galbraith's."

I found especially relevant to the current issues Mr. Stigler's discussion of the pursuit of equality as a major *economic factor*. Across-the-board dollars-and-cents equality can only be achieved by lowering everyone to the same level. (In fact, human nature dictates that it can't be maintained for very long even then, but that's a whole other discussion.) And this is what we are seeing today in the liberals' energy proposals: don't try to search for new energy sources, which would give everyone more but would also leave some people with more than others; instead, impose elaborate systems to lower the standard of living of those who now have bigger cars, bigger houses to heat, more electrical appliances. Except that the Carter Administration seems to be going for semi-voluntary means, John Kenneth Galbraith would be in seventh heaven.

Springfield, Mass. IVAN BOLOTOV

The Church and/as Labor

That the NLRB has found parochial schools to be engaged in "interstate commerce," and therefore subject to federal control, should be no surprise to any perceptive observer ["Freedom and Parochial Schools," by Russell Kirk, April 15]. On the one hand we have a national government that has assumed massive power through the perversion of a Constitution designed primarily to prevent such a power concentration. On the other hand we have a church that has altered its teachings on many things (e.g., Communism, socialism, liberalism) in order to adjust to the vast collectivism that it sees as the wave of the future. From the standpoint of integrity, consistency, and intellectual honesty, is the "constitutional law" of Earl Warren and his confrères any worse than the "theology" of Teilhard?

There is a magnificent irony in the confrontation between the NLRB and the Catholic Church. For decades the American hierarchy and clergy fostered the idea that unless one ardently supported the aims and policies of Big Labor one could hardly be a good Catholic. In 35 years of regular church attendance I never—literally not once—heard a word of criticism of unions from a pulpit. A movement that used any and all means, including extortion, violence, even murder, to achieve its objectives was deemed immune from reproof.

And now the chickens have come home to roost. The poetic justice of this situation can be described in one word—beautiful!

Phoenix, Ariz. EDWARD F. CUMMERFORD

Don't Want to Make It

In James Burnham's column "Sorry, Can't Make It" [April 1], he states that "I-95 . . . can't make it into or around Savannah." This is due not to any loss of *will*, but to the intelligence and prescience of the managers of the bond issue that provided the money to build the Savannah River Toll Bridge. I have been informed by a reliable source that one of the provisions of the offering was that no bridge—free or toll—could be built across the Savannah River within fifty miles in either direction until the bonds were retired.

I also question Mr. Burnham's conclusion that the nation has retreated. Or is it that the politicians have attempted too many grandiose schemes requiring too large a percentage of the nation's funds, and the mass of taxpayers are finally realizing that the cost/benefit ratio is more in favor of the politicians and pressure groups than of the broad mass of the people?

Scottsdale, Ariz. CURTISS HAWKINS

Correction

Friday the 13th of May was unlucky for my article "Econometrics and Politics" (in that issue of NATIONAL REVIEW). In answering the question (in the third to the last paragraph) why such defective econometric models remain uncorrected and in such wide use, I wrote: "The answer may be that they are mainly useful for short-run forecasting and not for economic policy simulation." Somehow this input, which expresses my views, was run through *NR*'s editorial model, and it came out: "The answer may be that, although they are useless for economic policy simulation, they are very good for short-run forecasting." *NR* wrote that, not me. They are not "very good" for short-run forecasting; they are not even good, without the very. And they are certainly not useless to the proponents of more government.

Washington, D.C. PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS

Bravo, Stan Evans!

Nowhere in the "Letters" section have I

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seen a general note of appreciation for M. Stanton Evans' "Dark Horses" column. Perhaps because it is a regular feature, we have been taking for granted what, as I look back over his columns, has become an extraordinarily valuable service.

Not only has Evans presented essential information in the course of reviewing books on key issues, but, more important, he has pointed us to the *sources* of information and insight on these issues, so that anyone so inclined can pursue his education further. In essence, *NR* is now presenting its readers, thanks to Mr. Evans, with a running critical bibliography of works of interest to conservatives on a wide range of issues—an important addition to its general review section.

Let Mr. Evans know that, for this reader, his column has become an essential feature of *NR*.

Highland Park, N.J. DOUGLAS STERNER

Points

You state that "Rhodesia produces more than two-thirds of all chrome . . ." ["The Week," April 1]. The table of world chromite production from the *Commodity Yearbook, 1977* shows that in 1975 Rhodesia's share of world chromite production was less than 12 per cent. The statement "Rhodesian metal production rose 80 per cent during the embargo" is also highly misleading, since their production of chromite in 1975 was about the same as it was before the embargo, having risen 80 per cent from its low point during the embargo.

FRANK C. LUDWIG
Huntington Beach, Calif.

In Forrest McDonald's review of *Adams and Jefferson* [March 18], he makes an erroneous attribution of a famous critical remark, as well as misquoting the actual words. The poet in question was Alexander Pope; the critic, the famous classical scholar Richard Bentley.

John Sandys, in his authoritative *History of Classical Scholarship*, writes: "Shortly after the publication of Pope's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Bentley met the translator at Bishop Atterbury's table and told Pope 'that it was a very pretty poem but that he must not call it Homer.'" Pope took his usual waspish revenge by makng some rude references to Bentley in the *Dunciad*.

True, Bentley's words were first quoted in Dr. Johnson's *Life of Pope*, but Johnson did not claim them for his own.

Berwick, Me. ALSTON H. CHASE

Although I find economics very difficult to sink my teeth into, I bit the bullet and started to read "Econometrics and Politics," by Paul Craig Roberts [May 13]. After the super-technical first page, I positively breathed a sigh of relief when, on the second page, I came upon the very illuminating and clearly put example of the way England's confiscatory taxation leads to the buying of Rolls-Royces.

In fact, this example was so striking that I quoted it to an economics-minded friend the first chance I got. And he told me something even more striking: that he had seen the very same example last winter in, he thought, a Milton Friedman column. And so it turned out to be: *Newsweek*, November 8, 1976—six months ago. A few of the words were different, and the example took up two-thirds of Friedman's piece *versus* one paragraph of Roberts'; but nonetheless . . .

Altoona, Pa. JANE PARKER

The Energy Bi-ped

Congratulations to Burnham and Cato on their perceptive critiques [May 13] of Carter's energy package. They correctly observe that the pogrom—excuse me, program has as much chance as a one-legged man at an elbow-kicking contest, and for the same reason.

Conservation is essential for one leg, but you must have the other leg—increased supply—for it to stand. Solar energy may someday contribute, but not now.

I've been a petroleum geologist for 21 years, and so have some background from which to judge Carter's ideas. My reaction is to get busy finishing my wind charger. At least the Feds can't regulate the wind—*can* they?

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We'd like you to know more about pharmaceutical research. But rather than try to list ongoing projects—an impossible task, given the space—we've published a report about them.

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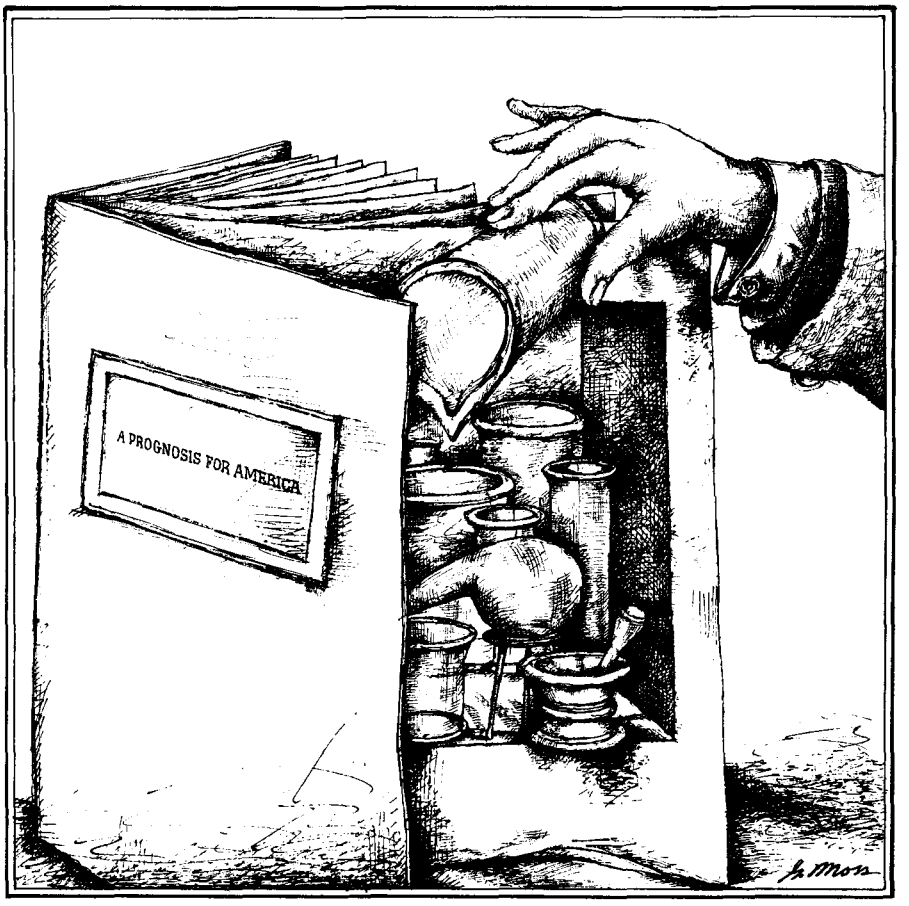

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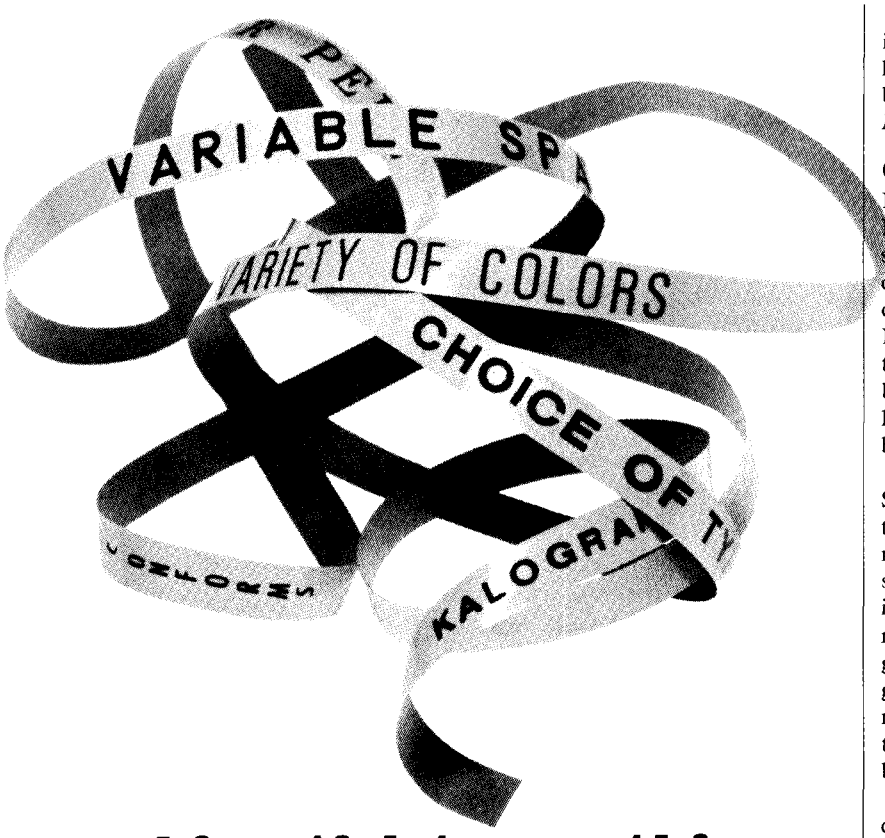

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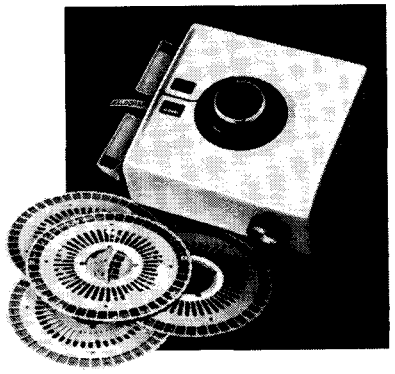

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One final thing, and perhaps the most important: Did you notice that Carter said he *hopes* that a minimum of coercion will be necessary? Sounds ominous to me.

Midland, Tex. GERRY CALHOUN

Class and Race

Nathaniel Weyl, in his article "Class and Race" [Jan. 21], waxes optimistic over the statistics furnished by the National Survey of Family Growth. He concludes that not only will contraception lay to rest the Malthusian specter of overpopulation, but the quality of society will be maintained because contraceptive use among the lower elements of society is now comparable to that among the upper classes.

What is amazing about this is that the Survey assumes (and Mr. Weyl accepts this assumption) the authority for designating which members of society are desirable and which are undesirable, and implies that the quality of society can be maintained if the relative numbers of each group can remain a constant over the generations. This is tommyrot. It is not richness, poorness, blackness, or whiteness that determines the quality of a society, but rather the vigor of the human spirit.

It may well be that contraception is one of those historical calamities that weeds out the weak spirits in the same way as the plague weeded out the biologically unfit. On the other hand, it may be that contraception weeds out the strong spirits, those willing to forgo some of their offspring for the noble end of preserving society.

Kansas City, Mo. WM. N. MARSHALL

Nathaniel Weyl neglects to note that fertility is but one of three major components of demographic change, the others being mortality and *migration*. Only the last can account for the radical transformation of the racial composition of *dozens* of nations since World War II. Millions of members of the world's "achieving" populations—Europeans, Jews, Northern Asiatics, etc.—have been forced to vacate regions like North Africa because Third World political systems, like National Socialism, do not accommodate "bourgeois" minorities. Meanwhile, every great metropolis in the Northern world is flooded with a new non-white "proletariat" as, with each passing week, blond, blue-eyed types deem themselves too precious for performing one more essential job—while denying their racism every step of the way.

Jean Raspail's signal contribution, in *The Camp of the Saints*, is his recognition of the primacy of migration; yet few of his readers will concede that the novel is not prophecy but dramatized current events. The "Last Chance Armada" is an allegory for the millions of fateful *individual* border crossings now being made annually into America, Britain, France—and Canada, Australia, Scandinavia.

Washington, D.C. ROBERT LENSKI

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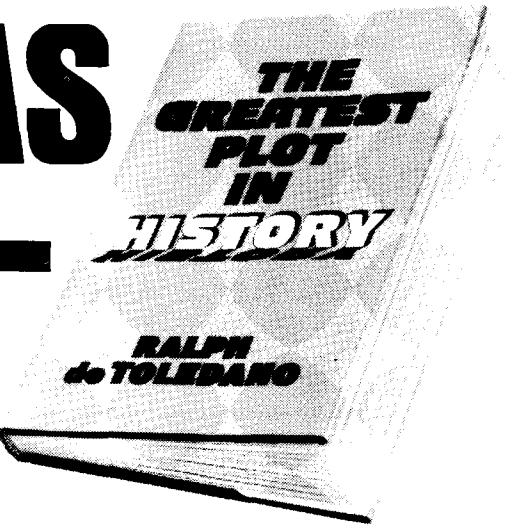
AMERICA WAS SUBVERTED—

AND NOW THEY'RE TRYING TO MAKE THE TRAITORS INTO HEROES



Back in print with a new Preface

Oppenheimer, the Rosenbergs, Major Jordan, Igor Gouzenko, Arthur Adams, "Peking Joan" Hinton, Klaus Fuchs, Burgess and MacLean, David Lilienthal, General Groves, Harry Hopkins—some of the names have faded from memory, but a generation ago they were on the front page of every newspaper in America. All of these people were involved, one way or another, in the birth of the A-bomb—or in the Soviet plot to steal it. But what role did each one play? Who were the patriots, who the dupes, who the willing accomplices? Above all, how did Moscow pull all the strands together into one master conspiracy?

Very few men know all the facts. Fewer still are familiar enough with the ways of espionage to weave through the maze of detail, master it, and fit all the pieces together. And only one great reporter, Ralph de Toledano, could reduce the whole story to this clear-as-morning narrative—and tell it as vividly as a fast-moving spy thriller. Here you get the full account: the breaches of security, the misguided idealism, and the outright treason that enabled Soviet Russia to pull off the heist of the century.

Drawing on years of painstaking research, Ralph de Toledano uncovers the inner workings of Red espionage. How the *apparat* is organized. The role of diplomats, "cultural exchange," Liberals, the Communist Party. Real-life spy techniques. How the Communist underground maintains discipline—and how Moscow punishes failure. Why a handful of spies can change the course of history. How the apparatus checks on each potential recruit; how it files millions of names, *1984* style.

The Greatest Plot in History won rave reviews when it was first published in 1963 Today, hardly a decade later, the international Left is busily rewriting the history books, painting the atomic spies as heroes and martyrs. But as the author points out in a new Preface written especially for this Second Edition, the facts have *not* changed. The secrets of the Bomb were stolen from us and given on the sly to our sworn enemy. Toledano shows that without American knowhow the Soviets would have fallen years behind us in the race for the atomic bomb. They might never have dared to seize Eastern Europe. Their drive to conquer the world could have been stopped cold—if only our leaders had awakened in time to *The Greatest Plot in History*.

Key actors in the plot to steal the A-bomb: spies, dupes, patriots

J. Robert Oppenheimer. He contradicted himself under oath, hired Reds, gave $150 a month to the Communist Party, was regarded by the apparatus as "one of ours," was flatly accused by the AEC of telling top Communist Steve Nelson about the Bomb. His punishment? A $50,000 tax-free award from JFK and LBJ.

Major George Racey Jordan. His startling disclosures about precious nuclear materials that were smuggled to Stalin via Great Falls, Montana with the help of Hopkins, Harriman, and the State Department. Secrets he saw headed for Moscow. The shocking persecution of Jordan by Democrats on the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Arthur Alexandrovitch Adams. Even though the FBI had mountains of evidence on this master spy, even though at one point it had 400 agents hunting him, neither the State Department nor FDR's Attorney General would allow him to be arrested.

David Lilienthal. First head of the Atomic Energy Commission and a Liberal prototype, he urged us to build atomic energy plants in Russia as a token of our "good faith"—*after* the Reds had stolen our secrets. How he flouted the will of Congress and the security provisions of the Atomic Energy Act he had sworn to administer.

Harry Gold. At worst a fellow traveler, and one who was fast becoming disenchanted, this basically decent man was sucked by degrees into top-level espionage. Why did the White House suddenly order the FBI to stop questioning Gold, Hiss, and Harry Dexter White in 1947? The shrewd psychology that enabled the FBI to crack Gold's alibis.

Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Ruthless and arrogant, they went to the electric chair for the Party. How Julius also got data on a "sky platform"—later used by the Russians to build Sputnik. His eye-popping remarks about Communism in the UAW. The "progressive" behavior of the Rosenberg children that so startled the FBI men.

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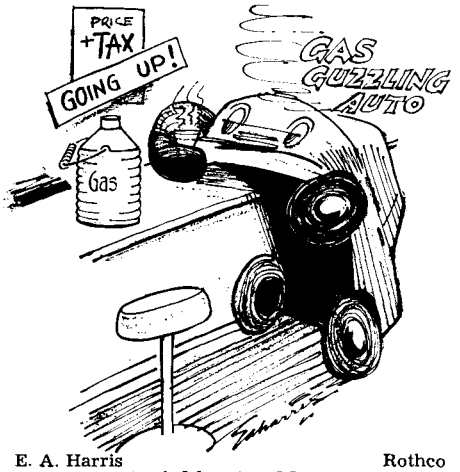
FOR THE RECORD

■ House Speaker **Tip O'Neill** is cross with **Jimmy Carter** for making the instant voting registration bill "top priority legislation." The bill has been temporarily withdrawn by the House leadership because, says O'Neill candidly, "we don't have the votes." O'Neill is also urging the President not to overload the congressional circuits by trying to get four years' work done in one. . . . One reason the instant registration bill is having trouble is that congressmen are hearing from local registration officials that they don't like it, as don't the people in general. The latest **Gallup** shows Americans oppose it 55 to 40 per cent. . . . Some Carter programs being sharply criticized. **Common Cause** doesn't like his suggested **Hatch Act** reforms. . . . Rep. **Al Ullman**, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, hates his Social Security program. "It violates the general principle of having a contributor system." . . . President **Richard Lesher** of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce likes Carter's energy program not at all. Testifying before the Ullman committee, Lesher said the energy program should be scrapped in favor of an end to price controls on oil and new natural gas, less regulation, and more leasing of federal lands for energy production. . . . But Carter has got a clap on the back from **Hubert Humphrey**, who thinks the President's gotten a "bad rap" from **George McGovern** and the ADA-type liberals. As for fiscal restraint, says Humphrey, "it's about time." . . . **George Will**, incidentally, describes the ADA as "a ginger group of liberals who cultivate disappointment by opposing the nomination of, then laboring for the election of, then lamenting the shortcomings of, Democratic Presidents."

■ The Administration just did manage to force through a $100-million authorization for use in **Mozambique**, **Angola** (when diplomatic relations are restored), **Tanzania**, and **Zambia** to help, the Administration says, enlist the aid of those countries in a peaceful transition to black rule in **Rhodesia**. Reps. **Richard Ichord** (D., Mo.) and **Bob Bauman** (R., Md.) led the fight against the African funding (it passed by 208 to 204), with Ichord commenting, "Are we willing to risk the consequences and have the blood of black and white Rhodesians on our hands?" . . . Meanwhile, refugees returning to Portugal report as many as 100,000 Mozambiquans (most of them black or mulatto) in re-education camps. They say that most skilled jobs in Mozambique are being handled by **Bulgarian, Cuban, Chinese,** and **North Korean** technicians. . . . The first fifty of an estimated four to five hundred **Cuban** military men were flown into **Ethiopia** last week, presumably to train Col. **Mengistu**'s "peasant army" in the use of Soviet tanks and arms that are now arriving in Ethiopia by the cargo-plane-load. This move brings Castro for the first time in conflict with the moderate Arab regimes in northern Africa. . . . In neighboring **Somalia,** President Barre, alarmed by the Soviet arms, says further shipments could affect Somalia's currently cordial relations with Moscow.



E. A. Harris Rothco
Drinking Problem

■ Most critics loathed it, but **Victor Lasky**'s *It Didn't Start with Watergate* is now Number Five on the *Washington Post*'s best-seller list. . . . **Len Saffir**'s projected new New York morning paper, *The Trib*, is getting a big sendoff with stories about it in *New York Post*, *Washington Post*, *Christian Science Monitor*, and the *Times* of London. Saffir, former AA to **James Buckley**, hopes to have his paper on the street by mid-fall. . . . *Jimmy Carter, The Man and the President*, has an unlikely author, former Venezuelan President **Romulo Betancourt**. Betancourt lauds Carter as "the only President of the United States [who] has made modern tyrants of Latin America tremble by his invocation of respect for human rights." . . . An unlikely tribute, the new **Chagall** American Windows at the Chicago Art Institute, dedicated to the late Mayor **Richard Daley**. . . . **Hugh Newton**, the PR man who helped turn the National Right to Work Committee into one of the most effective lobbies ever, has now moved on to the **Heritage Foundation**, the Washington-based research institution dedicated to "the principles of free enterprise, limited government, individual liberty, and a strong national defense."

■ It is not only **Fritz Mondale** who has taken **Gerald Ford** to task for criticizing the President; **Bob Hope** did too when, in his introduction of Ford at a gala, he commented: "Ford's got no right criticizing the President. Who does he think he is—George McGovern?"

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THE WEEK

■ The Federal Tooth Commission is planning to place restrictions on candy ads on television aimed at children.

■ President Carter's Notre Dame speech, whose tone was Baptist-cum-Brzezinski, announced that we are righteous again, having got over our "inordinate fear of Communism" and renewed our commitment to human rights everywhere. Democracy is contagious: if we embody it ourselves, we can inspire everyone else, especially if we nudge our allies along. "We can already see dramatic worldwide advances in the protection of the individual from the arbitrary power of the state." Worldwide? Angola? Ethiopia? Cambodia? Vietnam? He spoke of "democracy's great recent successes—India, Portugal, Greece, Spain," apparently equating its sheer formal existence with its success. Trying hard not to sound like the boy who cried lamb, the President did a lot of curtseying to common sense: "I have no illusion that changes will come easily or soon"—in the Communist world, that is. In southern Africa, however, "to be peaceful, change must come promptly." Harass our allies, be patient and genial with our foes: lots about "detente" and "normalizing relations." And the bottom line of our commitment to human rights: "We wish to cooperate closely with the creative Chinese people on the problems that confront all mankind." Yes, we have no illusions.

■ A new President is apt to look for a chance to remind the military establishment who the Commander-in-Chief is. Major General John K. Singlaub had the misfortune of being the first high-ranking officer to stick his neck out after Commander-in-Chief Jimmy Carter took over, and the axe fell with a speed and, yes, a ruthlessness that most citizens both in and out of the armed forces might not have suspected from a softspoken peanut farmer. So the disciplinary point is made, and it's too bad the career of a fine soldier had to be bruised in making it, but that's probably the way it had to be. Of course, firing General Singlaub doesn't prove that he was factually inaccurate in predicting there would be a new war in Korea if the U.S. ground troops pull out, as his Commander has decided they are to do. *That* is another point. It is to be hoped that Congress will probe the arguments for both the Carter decision and the Singlaub prediction, and that in the course of doing so it will make sure that John Singlaub has full opportunity to state his case.

■ John J. Kearney, a retired veteran of 25 years in the FBI, is said to be the first agent in the Bureau's 63-year history to be indicted for a crime. His offense, according to the Justice Department, is that from 1970 to his retirement in 1972 he authorized illegal wiretaps and mail openings in the FBI's hunt for the Weather Underground. His defense is that such surveillance was approved by his superiors—something his superiors also claim; so far Kearney is the only FBI man indicted, although Justice vows it intends to go higher. His lawyer also wants to know why the Justice Department is prosecuting him when it declined to prosecute CIA agents suspected of similar offenses. The indictment of Kearney, a man who won universal respect and admiration in the Bureau, has not been pleasant for Attorney General Bell. But the forces of law and order have rallied to his support. A group of civil libertarians, with Ramsey Clark in the forefront, recently urged Bell to go "where the evidence takes you, without fear or favor." It's no job for a jellyfish.

■ From an open letter from Miguel Groero Morales to President Carter: "At the age of 18 . . . I was imprisoned, having been accused of rebelling against the existing Cuban [Castro] regime. . . . A military court sentenced me to 15 years of privation of liberty, which turned out to be 15 years of inhuman torture, hunger, beatings, lack of communication, nakedness, and deprivation of the most elemental human rights. . . . As I find myself reaching the 15 years' period . . . I am informed that, because I have not accepted the 'rehabilitation plan' imposed by the regime . . . I will again be punished on the basis of 'dangerousness.' This new sentence implies that I will be transferred to a prison for regular delinquents [common criminals]." From Fidel Castro to George McGovern: "Not one single prisoner has ever been tortured [here in Cuba]." From George McGovern to *New Times*: "[I wondered to myself] what the hell did I bring this [subject] up for?"

■ The most important point about President Carter's environmental speech is that he gave it, the first time a president has devoted a special message to that subject since Richard Nixon did so in 1973. A sweeping array of detailed proposals, it is certain to provoke careful examination in Congress. However, the message, dramatizing as it does the Administration's interest in the environmental issue, does help to define the Carter constituency as perceived by the White House. In the Carter constituency, organized labor plays a much less important role than it did in previous Democratic coalitions, or, for that matter in Carter's 1976 electoral victory. Now, big labor is notably concerned with environment. Nor is organized labor, with its cost-of-living contract clauses, terribly worried about inflation. Whereas Carter talks a great deal about inflation and balanced budgets. Nor, by the same token, do traditional ideological liberals of the McGovern-Kennedy-Humphrey big-social-program brand seem to figure as large as they once did. Carter does seem to aim, as per the Caddell memo,

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

God and Man and Ford at Yale? It was a good week for the rumors and theories that form the staples of political conversation here. Two of the best concern Gerald Ford, who still lacks an appropriate forum from which to communicate with the nation, and thus keep his name in the forefront of the national consciousness as the leading Republican presidential contender for 1980.

The most intriguing of the rumors has Ford being offered and accepting the presidency of Yale. Kingman Brewster, who is leaving to become ambassador to Great Britain, became highly suspect among older and more conservative alumni during the excesses of the late Sixties and early Seventies, when he seemed to many an apologist for the counterculture. But Ford, so the theory goes, would quickly ungreen that image, his appointment pleasing many of those alumni whose affections for Alma Mater waned and whose donations fell off during the greening of Brewster.

There would, of course, be objections from students and faculty to whom, by definition, Republican politicians walk the earth horned and hooved. Ford would be assailed as the man who pardoned Nixon. And, inevitably, there would be the obligatory jokes about his intellectual capacity. But his intellectual capabilities were sufficient to get him through Yale Law School, and anyone capable of running a country can also run a university. And there is no doubt he'd be an effective fundraiser, a major function of university presidents today. And also, as Dwight Eisenhower demonstrated, the presidency of a major university isn't a bad forum for a man with higher presidential ambitions.

■ *Their Mutual Friend?* The second what-Ford-will-do-next theory is tied in with Senator Robert Griffin's surprise decision not to seek re-election. Griffin, so the theory goes, will resign early, and his friend, Governor William Milliken of Michigan, will appoint their mutual friend Gerald Ford to fill out the term, thus ensuring that Ford will be the candidate in 1978 and probably ensuring a Republican victory, something that any other GOP senatorial candidate in Michigan would have trouble bringing off.

Not an implausible theory. But the problem is that Milliken himself is said by Michiganders to want that Senate seat badly. Thus, some observers believe only the first part of the proposition is correct. Griffin will step down early, and his successor will be Governor William Milliken, appointed by himself, *à la* Senator Wendell Anderson of Minnesota.

■ POLITICAL BRIEFS: Another retiree/successor story making the rounds concerns Alabama Senator John Sparkman and Governor George Wallace. Sparkman has been letting it be known for some time that this is his last term in the Senate, and associates of Wallace have let it be known that he'd like to occupy that seat. But now that Wallace has made it semi-official, Sparkman, who does not want Wallace to succeed him, is voicing second thoughts about retirement. . . . The announced retirement of Senator James Abourezk next year gives South Dakota Republicans a chance to break back into the senatorial line-up. Front-runner for the GOP nomination is Representative Larry Pressler, somewhat controversial here because of his voting and attendance records, but extremely popular with South Dakotans. . . . Republicans can also be optimistic about Iowa if Robert Ray, the highly popular Republican governor, takes on Senator Dick Clark, vulnerable because of what many Iowans increasingly perceive to be his extremism. . . . Democratic Senators Joseph Biden of Delaware, Floyd Haskell of Colorado, and Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island are also thought to be vulnerable if Republicans can come up with attractive candidates. In general, Republicans believe they can make inroads into Democratic congressional strength in any state in which jobs and productivity *versus* conservation and cutbacks have jelled into solid campaign issues.

—CATO

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at the college-educated middle class and its particular mix of favorite issues: inflation, environment, moralism, energy, egalitarian stylistics.

■ Some three hundred demonstrators, in cars, protesting a Federal District judge's pro-Concorde ruling, tied up traffic near Kennedy Airport for two hours during the evening peak period, forcing travelers to hop from their taxis and buses and run to catch their planes. All of which provoked an Englishman to write the *New York Times*: "I must admit that I am puzzled by your anti-Concorde attitude and by the hysterical demonstrations by people who have neither seen nor heard the aircraft. . . . Concorde has now been operating from London Airport for some time. Occasionally we notice one among the general run of jumbos, VC-10s, and other aircraft because we happen to see it, not because we hear it. Although the crackpots told us that our ancient churches would fall down and that we should all go deaf, neither has happened. Concorde comes and goes like any other airliner." In Washington, where the Concorde has been landing and departing for a year now, FAA studies show residents increasingly tolerant of it, and barely half those polled say they even notice the noise.

■ Deferring to the ecofreaks a few years ago, Congress passed the National Environmental Policy Act of 1970 and at the last moment inserted a provision requiring a "detailed statement" about the environmental impact of any "significant" federal action. Now the government is producing environmental impact statements (EISs) at the rate of four a day, often at a cost of millions of dollars each. An ERDA paper on breeder reactors ran to 7,300 pages. The Interior Department's EIS on a gas pipeline took 9,570 pages and filled 17 volumes. A commission has been formed to read the things; it looks at 1,000 a year, and presumably files them neatly away. Twenty-six states have passed similar legislation requiring EISs. The number of EIS writers is said to number in the tens of thousands and they are already holding national conventions. God knows how many forests

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Jimmy Begins the Beguine

When they begin with Begin,
  They'll ruin my plans for peace by December;
  They'll get on the nerves of each OPEC member,
When they begin with Begin.
Oh, don't let them begin with Begin!
  Don't let them start!
(Golda, give him a bop on the head
  With some dead ember.)
Henry Kissinger's starting to croon,
  "Darling, remember . . ."
And Patrick Caddell
Warns there'll be hell
When they begin with Begin.

W. H. VON DREELE

have been cut down to provide the paper for all this environmental protection.

■ IT DIDN'T END WITH WATERGATE DEPT.: On May 4—the day before, as it happened, the nation plugged into David Frost and Richard Nixon's discussion on the latter's 1972 campaign strategy—Deputy Attorney General Peter Flaherty trekked up to Capitol Hill for a discussion with the Senate Rules Committee about the Administration's proposed Election Day registration bill, known unofficially as the Democratic election bill. In due course the Committee asked to see a memorandum prepared by the Justice Department about the effects the bill would have. Flaherty said he had never even heard of the memo. After further prodding, it was discovered that a member of Flaherty's entourage had a copy of the memo. Would he show it to the Committee? No, answered Flaherty, coming to his aide's rescue. "Are you claiming executive privilege?" asked a senator. "Yes, sir," said Flaherty, coming to his own rescue. A few hours after his return to Justice, Flaherty relented and sent the Committee a copy of the memo. Among its more interesting findings: "Abolition of pre-election registration will, for all intents and purposes, prevent the states from protecting themselves against individuals who may seek to vote at several locations where they are known . . . as well as prevent them from assuring that a voter is indeed qualified to vote *before* he casts his ballot." The memo also states that elimination of the advance signature as a control mechanism, as the Carter proposal prescribes, would make "proof of election fraud in a criminal case substantially more difficult." Discussing the "purported" safeguards in the Administration package, the memo said: "all are inadequate."

■ It seems that the United States is not the only superpower for whom the future is beset by crisis. According to the recent CIA study that predicts a serious decline in the world supply of oil in the 1980s and to which the supporters of the Carter energy plan point portentously, the Soviet Union and its East European satellites will cease, at some time in the Eighties, to be exporters of oil and become instead importers. Indeed, the CIA suspects that Soviet production may peak as early as next year. This, of course, would wreak havoc with the Soviet economy, if only because the USSR's purchases from the West are made possible largely by its oil sales abroad. Coincidentally, the chief of the Soviet–East Europe branch of the Bureau of Economic Analysis in the Department of Commerce has announced that the current abatement in the Soviet Union's rate of population growth means that, also in the Eighties, the USSR will be forced to choose between allocating its young men either to the Red Army or to the industrial sector. The impact of this manpower shortage is likely to be particularly damaging to the armed forces: historically, the Russian Army has been led by an officer corps drawn almost exclusively from the Great Russian peoples, but a smaller pool of military eligibles would probably mean that a greater percentage of Asians and southerners would have to be placed in the positions of leadership from which they have always been excluded. The problem here is that, according to Andrei Amalrik and other observers, the non-Slav portions of the USSR are becoming increasingly volatile as their nationalist fervor rises. Indeed, Amalrik thinks it quite possible that, in time, they could blow the Soviet Union apart.

■ A group of troublemaking Manhattan ecofreaks installed a windmill on their roof. It has a capacity of two kilowatts (enough to light twenty 100-watt lightbulbs), except on a still day, when its capacity is zero kilowatts —meaning that its owners, the Eleventh Street Cooperative, cannot cut their ties with Con Ed entirely. The Cooperative decided that if they would have to buy Con Ed's electricity on occasion, Con Ed should be forced to buy theirs whenever they had a surplus. They took the case to the state Public Service Commission, which has finally ruled that Con Ed must indeed buy any excess electricity the windmill generates—the Cooperative may make an average of 46¢ a month that way—but also that Con Ed may charge the Cooperative around $13 a month to cover the cost of protecting Con Ed's 10-million-kilowatt system from damage done by the intermittent nature of windmill generating, and of installing throwover switches that would prevent repairmen from being electrocuted by a surge of current suddenly coming through the "dead" line they were working on.

■ THE ROAD FROM SERFDOM: Friedrich von Hayek has left Salzburg, "the most charming town in the whole of Europe," and taken up residence in Germany. "Austrian bureaucracy," he says, "has grown unbearable." Every book he ordered from abroad, whether it was bought or borrowed by interlibrary loan, had to be claimed in person at Customs. The Federal Ministry had to be told in advance of every trip abroad. Austrian authorities once

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reprimanded him for spending 441 schillings for an overnight stay in Malawi; he had exceeded, by one schilling, the spending allotment. One Austrian schilling equals 5.8 cents.

■ Truth-In-Packaging suggestion from Kenneth Clarkson of the University of Miami, bugged by the popular image of Big Business as Exploiter. A toaster, he says, may cost ten bucks to produce, get to the market and sell for $10.50, bringing in a profit of roughly fifty cents. Five bucks went into production costs. The other five bucks were sopped up in complying with government regulations up and down the line. His idea: have the manufacturer list the cost of all ingredients—labor, material, overhead, and government-enforced regulation on all consumer goods. *Caveat gubernator.*

■ WHAT RALPH NADER NEVER TOLD US DEPT.: Tired of being taken for a ride? Want to know how to get the most for your money, your time, and your efforts? Looking for *real* satisfaction? Then don't miss the April 28 edition of the MIT student newspaper: it contains a never-before-published Consumer Guide, by two women, to the sexual performances of 36 specifically named and sexually rated MIT men. Hurry, though, as the article has already been censured for "invasion of privacy" by the undergraduate Association of Student Activities, making it an even more valuable commodity in itself. Thus, another blow is struck by women's liberationists against sexism in the media, in their Stakhanovite exploration of the resources of the enemy.

President and Law

"When the President does it, that means it is not illegal." This was the sentence that in the third round of the Nixon-Frost encounter set the hounds to baying. Within moments they had jumped in and—to revert to the California trope—were whooping it up in Americans' favorite political sport of kicking Richard Nixon around. The "it" that Nixon declared "not illegal" referred to bugging, wiretapping, break-ins, mail openings, infiltrations, and such like. On grounds not specified, Nixon excepted killings, which, even on the order of the President, he would apparently classify as not legal or, conceivably, illegal.

The White House led the pack with an immediate official finding: "President Carter does not feel that any President has the right to break the law. He feels very strongly that it is a tragic mistake to follow that philosophy." Representative Peter Rodino, chairman of the House committee that voted to impeach Nixon, echoed and expanded. The editorialists, almost to a person, had a ball.

In this exchange both Nixon and his scourgers have obscured one of the most profound, difficult, and not infrequently tragic problems of government. Nixon is wrong in stating that those acts defined by law as criminal are "not illegal" when done by (or on the order of) the Chief Executive. Under a constitutional government every citizen, from top to bottom, is subject to the law. But Carter, Rodino, and the others are wrong in contending that a President, the Chief Executive, must never break the law: that is, never carry out any such action as Nixon and Frost were discussing—and there is no reason to drop killing from the list. This is an inherent dilemma of constitutional government; there is no way for the Chief Executive—the head of government—to avoid it. If the head of government is a crook or a villain, he does not seek to avoid it; he deliberately twists and breaks the law to serve his own ends. But the most honorable and conscientious heads of government will also confront the dilemma from time to time, and for them it often compels agonizing decisions.

It is not only the Chief Executive who faces this dilemma in performing his duties. The soldier in a combat situation, whether or not war has been declared, and often enough also the policeman in a high crime area or even a fireman, must time and again carry out actions that are normally crimes—even capital crimes—and crimes that he may be charged with later on. The stake is higher for the head of government. For him, *Salus populi suprema lex*—the public weal is the highest law. But as he judges it, the public weal may, at a given moment, demand the fracture of lesser laws. *A Man Called Intrepid*, the remarkable account of British-American secret operations from the beginning of World War II, documents a history of innumerable illegal actions, many on a world scale, up to and including killings, for which Churchill and Roosevelt took responsibility because of their conviction that the survival of their countries and of democratic government depended on the defeat of Hitler.

This does not mean that the head of government or his colleagues (or the policemen, firemen, and soldiers) are free to break the law whenever they believe, or claim, that the public weal requires it. The unlawful action does not become lawful—as Nixon states—because the head of government performs it. And he, like everyone else, breaks the law *at his peril*. He must be forgiven, either formally, by the legislature, or, as Churchill and Roosevelt were, by the consensus of the citizens. This resolution of the dilemma was plainly recognized in the British constitutional tradition on which our tradition is based.

So Long, Korea

General Singlaub was summoned to say
Why in the world he was acting that way.
Didn't he know who's Commander-in-Chief?
Brass who go public are asking for grief.
Sure, I agree, if we pull out of Seoul
We'll be exposing one helluva hole;
We're like the Bourbons, who never could learn.
Some Sunday morning we're doomed to return.

W. H. VON DREELE

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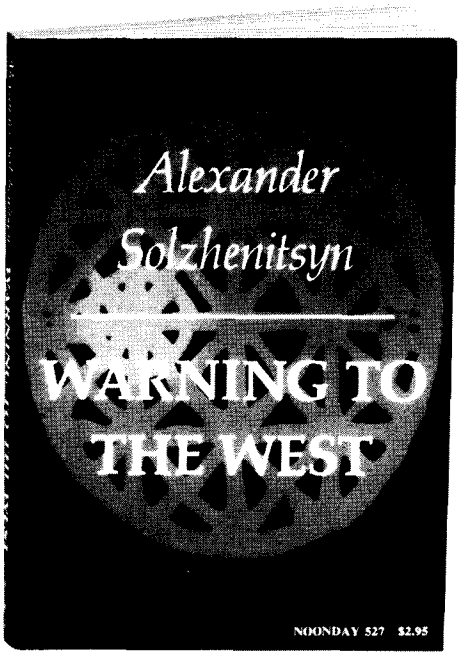
"A Blow at the Solar Plexus"

— WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.



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About "Warning to the West" . . .

If you're already a Solzhenitsyn fan you'll welcome this addition to his available works. If you are not *yet* acquainted with this truly great man then there is no better way to find out why he *is* the man for our time than in this moving tribute to human freedom.

"Warning to the West" is a concise primer of Solzhenitsyn's thoughts on the Soviet threat and the moral decay of the West. It includes the complete texts of his major speeches in this country, as well as the whole of the famous BBC interview that so startled Britain that even Bernard Levin of The London Times was moved to write with unaccustomed fervor: ". . . by his courage he demonstrates that there is no weight in the universe great enough to crush . . . the human longing for freedom." And in this country, Bill Buckley was so impressed, he devoted his *Firing Line* TV show to re-running the entire interview for the benefit of American audiences.

In fact, it's hard to overrate Solzhenitsyn's impact. Malcolm Muggeridge goes so far as to call him "the greatest man now alive in the world" and this book will give you a good idea *why* he makes such a statement. As Lane Kirkland says in his foreword, "A principle of mechanics tells us that, given a long-enough lever, one man can move the entire world." Solzhenitsyn is putting that principle to the test. Will America listen? Will you?

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The head of government, having broken the law for the sake of what he believed to be *salus populi*, had to be granted an act of indemnity by Parliament to purge his criminal act. In a famous episode in 1766, for example, a crop failure was bringing starvation. Lord Chatham (the elder Pitt) as head of government had suspended an embargo imposed by Parliament on the import of grain, so that the people might eat. When Parliament convened, Chatham, reasoning like Nixon, did not ask for an act of indemnity, but Parliament—which did not question the necessity of what he had done—insisted on voting it, in order to affirm the constitutional supremacy of the law even when the law was properly broken.

The constitutional distinction here made may seem delicate and even quibbling, but it is of decisive importance—it draws the line, in truth, between constitutional freedom and tyranny. Our post-Watergate holier-than-thou pretense that Presidents and the security-intelligence-military agencies can never step outside the law is a combination of sentimentality and demagogy, above all in an age of revolution, guerrillas, and terrorism. The counter-contention that whatever is done or ordered by the Executive thereby becomes legal is the preparation for tyranny. The guiding principle for free constitutional government can only be: The Executive will be compelled in critical situations to step outside the law, but he does so at his own peril—at the risk, as history has often enough shown, even of his own head.

Richard Nixon does not comprehend this distinction. If, after the Watergate break-in, Nixon had openly explained to the citizens that the leaks, trafficking with the enemy, etc. had been, in his judgment, threatening the safety of the nation, that he had therefore authorized formally illegal actions in an attempt to meet the danger, and that in their zeal some of his subordinates had gone further than he had foreseen, the odds are high that the whole Watergate affair would have faded quickly. As we all really know, it was the double-tongued coverup, not the rather routine actions, that destroyed him.

Andy Outstrips Fritz

Elsewhere in this issue, James Burnham asks some hard and pertinent questions about the current phase of U.S. policy in southern Africa (see "The Protracted Conflict," p. 659). We confine ourselves here to some stylistic notes, and in that regard neither Vice President Walter Mondale nor UN Ambassador Andrew Young performed very well on their recent diplomatic forays.

In the wake of his Vienna talks with South African Prime Minister John Vorster, the Vice President made a number of moralistic sounds, including the assertion that the U.S. had "cleansed itself of a moral blemish" through the Administration's ringing condemnations of apartheid. The moral blemish did not reappear, evidently, when, as Mondale sat quietly in Belgrade, President Tito told him in brusque tones to keep his mouth shut as regards human rights in Yugoslavia, that Yugoslavia did not want to be lectured by anyone and would not put up with it. Mondale is thus the prophet of the selective moral blemish, and on human rights the Carter Administration seems to have adopted a policy of kicking midgets, as long as the midgets do not order them to cease and desist.

Stylistically, the Young performance might be called Schlock Populist Demagogy. Meeting the Marxist dictator of Mozambique, Young declared: "President Carter has decided that the United States should be with the people of the world." Whatever that might mean, if anything. Young appeared oblivious to the meaning the term "the people" would have for the Marxist dictator he was so obsequiously addressing. Though, according to news reports, Young got along "amicably" with the dictator, Machel must have written him off as a gull and a clown. Young, who seems to thrive on the company of Marxists, also met with representatives of Angola and of the Polisario Front, which is conducting an insurgency against Morocco, a U.S. ally, which, moreover, had just helped save the Western interest in Shaba Province. Meeting with Rhodesian guerrilla leader Robert Mugabe, Young pronounced him "a nice guy."

Mondale and Young competed for the Airsick Bag of the Week Award, and, awful as Mondale was, Young won by a comfortable margin.

Subsidizing Unemployment

Hidden within the new tax-reduction law is a plan to solve unemployment where it doesn't exist and aggravate unemployment where it does. If a business has employed 2 per cent more workers than last year, it is entitled to a tax credit of up to $1,806 for each additional employee hired. The cost to the Treasury will be at least $3 billion a year, which means higher taxes elsewhere, or more Treasury borrowing.

Healthy businesses would be adding more than 2 per cent to their payrolls anyway, so the tax credit is just a windfall for them. (Private employment in April was 3.7 per cent above a year before.) The tax credit does nothing for distressed firms in depressed areas, however, except strengthen their competitors.

The employment tax credit likewise penalizes firms that have heretofore provided stable employment—those that have little need to rehire in the economic expansion, because they laid nobody off in the downturn. Businessmen are not incapable of adapting to such policies. The appropriate strategy for the future will therefore be massive lay-offs in the next downturn because tax credits can be expected for rehiring in the recovery.

Insofar as the employment tax credit might do anything at all, other than foster instability of employment, it must work by substituting labor for capital. That will tend to further depress the weakest link in the economy, namely plant and equipment spending to expand pro-

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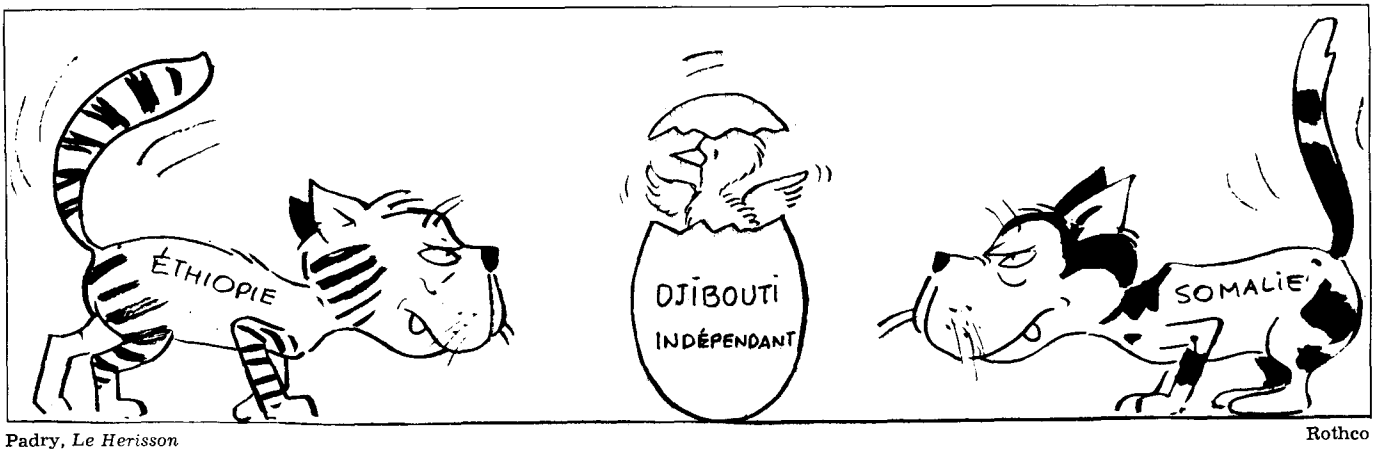

Padry, *Le Herisson* Rotheo

ductive capacity. Without sizable doses of such capital spending, the economy is likely to experience shortages and accelerating inflation long before it reaches an acceptable employment rate.

Like so many government schemes, including public service jobs, the real idea behind employment tax credits is to use more people to produce the same output—that is, to reduce productivity. Even before the recent recession, productivity growth had slipped to 2.1 per cent a year in 1966-73, down from 3.3 per cent a year in 1948-66. Less output per worker necessarily means less real income per worker, and also the visible slip in international competitiveness which is currently inspiring a flurry of protectionist measures.

The private sector has added over five million jobs since the bottom of the recession. Special gimmicks aren't needed for continued progress. All that is needed is to cast off the chains that hold back growth—heavy taxes on income from capital and productive labor, and the risks and burdens associated with ever-increasing government regulation.

If President Carter won't veto a scheme as destructive as the employment tax credit, it makes one wonder if he would veto anything at all, except perhaps bills that are worthwhile.

Success for Whom?

Two months after Jimmy Carter took office, he sent his Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, and his chief arms negotiator, Paul Warnke, to Moscow with much public fanfare and a proposal for the next phase of strategic arms control. The President declared that this proposal was fair and equitable to both sides. Therefore, he added, it was not a bargaining device, but a firm offer, the basic terms of which the U.S. was not going to alter.

At the close of the March meeting, the Soviets denounced the Carter proposal, and they continued attacking it steadily and sharply thereafter.

The Soviet attack centered on the U.S. proposals to omit decisions about the range of U.S. cruise missiles and Soviet supersonic Backfire bombers at this stage, and to set a lower limit on the total number of ICBMs deployed by each side.

At this point the scenario read like a stalemate resulting from differences of principle.

In late May Secretary Vance and chief negotiator Warnke met Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko in Geneva.

After two days the headlines read: VANCE AND GROMYKO SAID TO GAIN ON ARMS. U.S., SOVIET MOOD BECOMES MELLOW IN GENEVA TALKS. U.S. AND SOVIET AGREE TO END ARMS RACE IMPASSE. AFTER TWO YEAR STALEMATE, U.S. AND SOVIET NOW HAVE AGREED ON NEW BLUEPRINT FOR ARMS NEGOTIATIONS.

And what does the new blueprint provide?

Just what the Kremlin ordered. In particular, what it wanted most of all: a formal agreement on limitation of the range of U.S. cruise missiles, the weapon system that both our Joint Chiefs and theirs consider the most promising in our arsenal.

Corruption at Columbia University

Mark Rudd may have disappeared, but his soul goes marching on at Columbia University, his alma mater.

After Columbia President William McGill announced that negotiations were taking place over an endowed professorship for Henry Kissinger, over 1,000 students "and others" signed a petition against it, a letter of opposition drew the signatures of 140 faculty members and "research assistants," and a protest resolution was voted by the graduate student organization in political science. The numbers represented here may well be inflated through the employment of evidently elastic categories. However, Mark Kesselman, a Columbia Professor of Government, wrote an article for the *New York Times* opposing any appointment for Kissinger and denouncing him as an architect of "America's campaign of destruction in Asia . . . the most brutal and aggressive war the United States has ever fought."

Let it pass—that if Professor Kesselman's absurd and

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intellectually disgraceful statement were true, if the U.S. in Vietnam had really been more "brutal" than Grant at the Wilderness or Sherman in Georgia, more brutal than Halsey, MacArthur, Patton, Eisenhower, why, then, we would have *won* the Vietnam War.

But let that pass, though it does provide some clue as to what probably passes for learning in a Kesselman classroom. What is taking place at Columbia could scarcely be clearer. Henry Kissinger is a distinguished scholar, historian, and political theorist. Before his years in the White House and at the State Department, he held a senior professorship at Harvard. Any one of Kissinger's many books would raise the career, of, say, Professor Mark Kesselman out of the obscurity in which it doubtless will remain. Kissinger obviously is qualified for a Columbia post.

Should it develop that the position of Professor Kesselman and the various petition-signers and protestors really represents a substantial body of academic opinion at Columbia, the only question that will remain is why Kissinger would wish to associate himself with such an academic slum.

News on the Shroud

In its July 20, 1973 issue, *NR* published an article on the Shroud of Turin entitled "How in Fact Was Jesus Christ Laid in His Tomb?" by Barbara M. Sullivan, an American expert. The response to that article was impressive, and there being important recent developments regarding the Shroud, it seems desirable to pass them along.

Recent examination of the threads in the cloth has confirmed their antiquity, but a more precise dating may be possible. A Chicago micro-analyst, Dr. Walter McCrone, has improved the carbon dating technique to the point where it may be accurate to within a hundred years. McCrone's biopsy—important point—will require only a tiny sample cut from the Shroud. It will be ready, he says, by this summer.

Striking conclusions were reached in 1973 by Max Frei, a Swiss professor and pollen analyst. Clinging pollen provides an indication of where an object has been, and pollen does not deteriorate with time. According to Professor Frei, clinging pollen on the Shroud shows that it could have moved through Palestine, Asia Minor, and Savoy. Some of the pollen on the Shroud, he says, is the same as that in the two-thousand-year-old sediments from Lake Generazeth in Palestine.

At the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, computer techniques have been employed on a photograph of the Shroud to "enhance" the image. The computer techniques had been developed to improve photographs brought back from Mars. According to Dr. Donald Lynn of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, there is no "linear directionality" in the shading of the image, indicating that it had not been painted on the cloth.

Great Moments in History

King Henry's Agincourt remarks;
  Elizabeth in '88;
MacArthur as he disembarks;
  Salk, starting to inoculate;
The French approaching the Bastille;
  The English at the Khyber Pass;
The Carter television spiel
  To tax a nickel more for gas.

W. H. VON DREELE

The computer techniques were also used to create a three-dimensional version of the two-dimensional image on the cloth. According to Dr. John A. T. Robinson, a leading biblical scholar and lecturer at Cambridge University, the three-dimensional image demonstrates that the marks on the cloth correspond correctly to those which would be made upon a sheet laid over a body. The intensity of the image varies according to the distance the sheet would have been from the body at each point. In Robinson's opinion, the "burden of proof" has now shifted from those who judge the Shroud to be authentic to those who consider it somehow a fake.

A British scholar, Ian Wilson, has found evidence that a "portrait" of Christ existed in the town of Edessa during the first century A.D. He also cites indications from early painting and sculpture that the artistic representation of Christ changed dramatically during the sixth century, and believes the nature of the changes indicates the renewed accessibility of the Shroud during that century.

A major conference on the Shroud is scheduled for next year in Turin for the four-hundreth anniversary of the Shroud's move to that city. Further developments are expected.

Robert Maynard Hutchins, R I P

The handsome *Wunderkind* lasted into his 79th year, benignly presiding over a cottage industry in the manufacture of Utopias. Born in Brooklyn, the son of a Presbyterian minister, he left a trail of precocious accomplishments that culminated in his appointment to the presidency of the University of Chicago in 1928, when he was thirty, having meanwhile transacted such diversions as Secretary of Yale and Dean of the Law School. He did away with the football team and beefed up the scholarship, with contempt for the outraged alumni, whom he saw as reactionary and ignorant. Intellectual freedom, academic freedom, freedom of speech—these were his loves. He saw himself, not without reason, as the nemesis of Babbittry: "I believe it is an obligation

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to overcome the influence of animality in man and to try to figure out—on an intelligent, human basis—what ought to be done about society's problems, what's right and what's wrong." Eventually this led him to found the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, dedicated to overcoming the animality in man and figuring out what ought to be done about society's problems, subsidized in part by royalties from Alex Comfort's pro-animality *The Joy of Sex* until Comfort sued the Center for financial miscarriages, thus bringing Hutchins out of retirement for his last two years on this earth.

But it was at Chicago that he made his lasting contribution, making the University a headquarters of exciting rediscovery of the Western heritage. With Mortimer Adler, he treasured the ancient and medieval philosophers, and they incorporated them into their Great Books program. Yet he was curiously provincial in his assimilation of the tradition, and it is hard to see how his politics would have been much different if he had never read a word of Aristotle or Aquinas. Gustave Weigel once remarked on the tendency of modernity to gloat over the past; this Hutchins did not do—yet he seemed to regard the great thinkers of the West almost as quasi-contemporaries, interesting only insofar as they could be purged of the dross of their own times and enlisted in a sort of trans-historical committee of intellectuals. Few things were quite as discouraging to believers in the efficacy of education as to listen to so educated a man as Hutchins utter predictable liberal banalities on all the issues of the day, as if he were a student not of Plato and Hobbes but of the bumper stickers in some academic parking lot. He died a quaint figure, enmeshed in the kind of embarrassments that will never occur in Utopia.

Ludwig Erhard, R I P

Ludwig Erhard was taught economics at graduate school by the late Wilhelm Röpke, a contributing editor of NATIONAL REVIEW from the launching of this journal until his death in 1966. Professor Röpke often recalled the tension he felt during the fall of 1948 when his pupil, then serving as minister for economic affairs in a prostrate Germany, calmly faced the storm. On a Sunday, with, so to speak, nobody looking, Dr. Erhard, exercising an authority he formally held, announced an end to wage and price controls. A few months earlier he had presided over the foundation of the new anti-inflationary Deutsche Mark. His pincer movement around the socialists, interventionists, dirigistes, and other troglodytes was the economic-political scandal of the day, and the enemies of Konrad Adenauer calmly awaited the humiliation of his portly, cherubic minister of economic affairs and, along with it, the final invalidation of economic liberalism. What happened of course is that Ludwig Erhard stuck to his guns, smiled benignly at his critics, predicted confidently that in the spring prices would begin to recede: and it happened as he predicted, and, in what seemed no time at all, Germany was showering its economic beneficences on most of the countries of Europe that had concerted to destroy her.

It is a wonder that anyone learns at all when demonstrations are elusive, so hard is it to learn even when they are as dramatic as Erhard's. It may be that he succeeded only because, in 1948 and 1949, Germans were accustomed to taking orders from on high. Perhaps if the crisis had come in the Germany of today, Ludwig Erhard would have been impeached, and the public would have sheltered itself in the tatterdemalion security of wage and price controls and runaway inflation. But what more can one man do than Erhard did? He learned his lesson, was impressed by the beauty and cogency of economic liberalism, and offered his countrymen a road to recovery. Those of them who lived this side of the Berlin Wall were free to take it; and, though Erhard proved, during his brief career as Chancellor, an inept politician, his name will always be listed in any roster of economic statesmen.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As you can see from the enclosed clipping (*Chicago Tribune*, Monday, April 11, page five), the American Atheists had a rather tough time at their seventh annual convention held, over the Easter weekend, near Chicago's O'Hare Airport.

First of all, only one hundred of the expected five hundred atheists showed up. Maybe the other four hundred were stymied by bad weather or other acts of ?.

Bill Murray, son of Madalyn "Mad" Murray O'Hair, fell down a spiral staircase. His lack of levitation produced little levity.

More embarrassing . . . Abe Cook, a conventioneer from suburban Rosemont, suffered a concussion when a large Plexiglas panel fell from the ceiling of his meeting room. He was taken to *Resurrection* Hospital. Of course he recovered. Happy Easter!

Edward L. Moorhead II, MD
Butterworth Hospital
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Dr. Moorhead: And we were afraid nobody noticed! *Pax*. Yours, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was astonished that in one of your own articles in the NATIONAL REVIEW of February 18, you used the expression "I am not all that certain." Et tu, Brute!

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Sometime while you are resting, if ever, perhaps you would be so kind as to inform me whether there is really any difference between "not certain" and "not all that certain," or between "not that much" and "not all that much," and if so, what.

Sincerely yours,
Douglas Campbell
Cos Cob, Conn.

Dear Mr. Campbell: Aw come on. Just listen. . . . Don't you hear the qualifier? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

We missed your latest *Firing Line* 'cause abed we slept supine, snoring away the witching hour that you descended your ivory tower . . . We are catching up on sleep which, of late, isn't too deep.

At such hour the ma'ams and gents must be a captive audience of confirmed insomniacs, or lovers resting on their backs waiting to renew their play and at a loss for words to say. Or they must be gnomes and elves eager to improve themselves and wide-awake to learn away, having slept the livelong day . . .

Why do you let them relegate *Firing Line* to an hour so late? Is it that there are so few who care to hear your point of view in terms so smooth and recondite that the meaning is lost to sight? Or is it a form of censorship of powers wary of your lip? If so, will you protest with force but due civility, of course?

Zi' Tess watched you at that hour, while working deftly pastry flour to make the season's strufoli, that ancient Greek delicacy. But she didn't understand the moment of the fuss at hand. Nonetheless, she wishes you well, more than a Xmas card can tell.

While this land endures,

Faithfully yours,
G. A. Di Giovanni
Stamford, Conn.

■ To the Book Editor

Dear Chilton:

The arrival of *NR* (April 29), with your new picture, has greatly alarmed me. What on earth accounts for the sad deterioration in your good looks? As you had pointed out, the previous picture aptly caught the essence of what we shall all look like after the revolution—such strength, such vigor, such clear-eyed handsome splendor. In this picture you look like what we shall all look like if Mr. Buckley ever comes to power. Please take better care of yourself.

May I recommend that you follow Dr. Genovese's Marxist Regimen for Repentant Bourgeois?

1. Two double martinis before dinner, on the rocks or straight-up, as you prefer, but with Tanqueray gin and no more than a few drops of Noilly Prat.

2. Whatever else you eat, a plate of pasta *per cominciare*, *al dente* of course. Every night—right after the martinis.

3. At least one proper bottle of wine with your meal.

4. Several cups of strong *expresso* afterward, with a healthy glass of fine cognac.

Please do not fret about the potential addition to your budget. Just ask Mr. Buckley for a raise. Never mind his cries of poverty. All bosses talk that way. If he balks, I shall send you some help and you can organize a union.

Be assured, dear friend, that strict adherence to my regimen will restore you to your good looks and your good health.

Your Obedient Servant, Etc.
Eugene D. Genovese
London

Dear Gene: Did you write this letter to Chilton after dinner? Cordially, Bill

■ —For Buckley's Eyes Only—

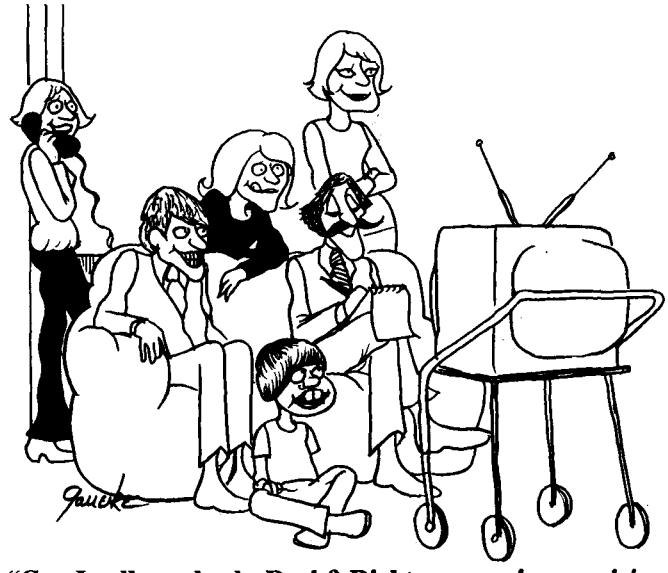
Dear Mr. Buckley:

One day I will testify about your role in, foreknowledge of, and advice and consent to some of the most heinous political murders in the U.S. in the twentieth century.

If the heads of Central Intelligence and Naval Intelligence don't still love you, then no one does.

David S. Schofield
(USN 1957-60)
4819 Pecan Grove, Apt. B-16
San Antonio, Texas 78222

Dear Mr. Schofield: Heh. You mean the *late* heads of Central Intelligence & Naval Intelligence! Heh. Heh. Shhh. WFB
(AUS 1943-1945)
(CIA 1951-1952)
(NR 1955-)
—WFB



"Can I call you back, Doris? Right now, we're agonizing over Our Long National Nightmare and The Greatest Crisis in the History of the Republic."

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Watch Out! Here We Come!

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THREE YEARS AGO everyone agreed that Vietnam had cured us of any itch to intervene in the affairs of distant lands. You could count us out of the global policeman act. Henceforth we were going to cultivate our own cabbage patch. Just to make sure, we threw out our Imperial President and chose a softspoken born-again country boy to keep us on the straight and narrow.

Lo and behold, here we are at it again, dancing blithely down one primrose path after another, at the moment up to our knees in southern Africa.

Actually, the first African outing was led by former Secretary of State Kissinger early last year, during the caretaker regime—a last hurrah for Henry. After a busy round of shuttling between black and white Africa, this preliminary action shifted to Geneva, where it fizzled out in a couple of months of Rhodesian wrangling over who promised what to whom.

The new Commander was not discouraged by this unpromising opener. Within a month of taking his post, he sent "the finest man I ever met" on a scouting mission to the southern front. In mid-May his Vice President joined the UN Ambassador in a dual operation stretching from Geneva to Maputo.

The two plenipotentiaries served notice on the natives—the white natives, that is: 1) The de facto government of Rhodesia must be replaced by what the new sunshine Administration, like its predecessor, prefers to call "majority government"—i.e., black dictatorship—before the end of 1978, or else. 2) South Africa's de facto protectorate, South-West Africa, must become a) fully independent and b) ruled by a majority government–black dictatorship certified by the UN, or else. 3) South Africa must abandon the policy of separate development (apartheid), rapidly integrate the blacks into full citizenship, and shift to majority government–black dictatorship, or else. The *New York Times* summarized (May 20) the U.S. ultimatum to South Africa: "U.S. officials say the new U.S. policy [is] to warn Mr. Vorster that the U.S. would not indefinitely tolerate the continuation of harsh racial and white supremacist policies in South Africa."

"The time for American intervention in all the problems of the world is over," Jimmy Carter declared in his speech (Dec. 12, 1974) announcing his candidacy for the Democratic nomination. It is then relevant to ask: Why has he decided that the problem of southern Africa is one for which the time for American intervention is so conspicuously *not* over?

Wrong Answers and Right

Our new leaders tell us, in their born-again and perhaps somewhat unctuous rhetoric, that the motive in these African moves is moral. (We are "cleansing ourselves of a moral blemish," the Vice President declared, through our pursuit of "human rights.") Quite possibly Messrs. Carter and Mondale do see themselves motivated, as most of us do, by lofty moral principles. But why should morality target the white governments of southern Africa? There are plenty of other governments—including not a few elsewhere in Africa—that can match Rhodesia and South Africa at violating human rights. Therefore morality and the pursuit of human rights cannot, objectively and specifically, explain our actual present intervention.

Nor does the commendable wish to prevent bloodshed do any better. Our actual intervention, beginning with Kissinger's foray last year, has increased, not lessened, the bloodshed. Our avowed policy lines us up with the side that is the aggressor (justified or not) in the armed struggle. We have helped subsidize the nation that is the principal sanctuary for the armed forces whose leaders have openly, and accurately, proclaimed that their ends can be achieved only by an armed struggle. Our UN Ambassador has, without repudiation, repeatedly stated his support of armed struggle for what he calls "liberation." Attainment of the avowed aims of our policy (justified or not) would inevitably entail large-scale bloodshed—with most casualties black.

We cannot understand political events by taking ideological apologetics at face value. The historical record suggests three converging reasons for this intervention in southern Africa:

1. Kissinger's action followed closely on the takeover of Angola by a Marxist organization with Soviet and Cuban support. The intensified Carterian intervention followed closely on the invasion of Shaba from an Angolan base. The timing, along with many other symptoms, is persuasive evidence that the threat of Soviet dominance in southern Africa is one reason for intervention.

2. In almost all cases, domestic policy is the main root of foreign policy. Carter won the election by getting an overwhelming majority of the black vote; his interim strength and 1980 chances depend on holding on to that vote. U.S. blacks—together with what might be called the anti-Vietnam War, anti-nuclear constituency, which is another key sector of Carter's electoral base—are very strong on black rule for southern Africa. Ergo . . .

3. Many geopolitical analysts believe that black rule in all southern Africa not only is inevitable but can be favorable for both U.S. strategic and U.S. economic purposes—if, that is, we ride with the winner.

Waiting for Sunshine

These three propositions, unlike the moralistic charade, are serious and weighty. The second is appealing only to those who find Jimmy Carter their cup of tea, but the other two are nonpartisan. They deserve public attention and debate that they are not getting.

Points 1 and 3 generate these questions: Is their estimate of the situation and the prospects (diagnosis and prognosis) correct? If so, does this estimate justify intervention? If so, is the specific kind of intervention (therapy) now begun the most promising prescription?

It might be better to answer these questions now rather than a few years hence. We were supposed to have learned that it's easier to start intervening than to stop. Is anyone really stupid enough to believe there could be a peaceful shift of rule in South Africa from white to black? □

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THE UNDERWATER UMBRELLA

With the introduction of the Polaris submarine, the U.S. substantially reduced the Soviet threat by placing a protective umbrella over the world's waterways. The Russian strategy is aimed at closing the umbrella

The N-Boat Standoff

RICHARD L. BARKLEY

If you live east of the Mississippi, you should probably go have a talk with your congressman and senators. The odds are high that they are lawyers who didn't much go in for geography in school. Probably they are unfamiliar with names like Diego Garcia, La Pérouse Strait, the Kuril Islands, Skagerrak, the Bosporus, and the Barents Sea. They were mad at Turkey over the Cyprus affair; they are adamantly opposed to any action in Angola or anywhere else. Chances are the only maps on the office wall are precinct maps with lots of little colored buttons. The more reason why you should talk to them, for all of you live in the prime target area.

Remember the Maginot Line? It was the largest and most elaborate fixed defense system since the Great Wall of China. But like the Great Wall it failed to keep the barbarians at bay. By the 1950s new Maginot Lines were being built on the plains of Montana, Wyoming, and North Dakota and in the Urals, in Russia, in the form of air-conditioned tombs called missile silos. Not until the U.S. Navy brought out the missile-carrying Polaris submarine was the Maginot mentality minimized and the umbrella raised.

The Polaris system initiated an entirely new dimension in atomic warfare, rendering land-based ICBMs obsolete. No longer were U.S. missiles restricted to bases on the Great Plains. Now they could roam the seven seas while Soviet missiles stayed put in the Urals. The only problem was the 1,200-mile range of the Polaris missile, restricting launch locations to the North Sea, the eastern Mediterranean, and the north Pacific. The designers of the original Polaris, recognizing these limits, soon developed the Poseidon, a larger missile with a 2,300-mile range. The shift from the Polaris to the Poseidon in some N-boats —missile-carrying nuclear submarines— provided considerably more latitude in the deployment of submarines. No longer were they restricted to the treacherous waters of the North Sea and the confines of the Mediterranean.

By the mid-Sixties, however, some of the forward strategic U.S. bases had become politically insecure, and the need arose for an even longer-range missile. Hence the Trident missile system, with a range of 4,000 miles. But this longer-range missile was also larger, meaning that larger subs had to be built to carry it. The Russians, meanwhile, had made the building of their own missile-launching submarine fleet a top priority. And their problems were in some ways easier.

Detection

The U.S. is a large land mass essentially surrounded by water, while Russia is a large land mass essentially surrounded by land. The Polaris could reach prime targets in Russia only from the North Sea and the Mediterranean, where the number of subs that can be safely deployed is limited, and from the Barents Sea, north of Russia, accessible only at certain times of year. The Poseidon, with its 2,300-mile range, extended the firing zones to the Norwegian Sea, north of the British Isles, to the west coasts of Britain and France, and to the western Mediterranean, a 120° enclosure. The Trident 4,000-mile missile opened up the North Atlantic, the Indian Ocean, and large portions of the western Pacific. A mobile Maginot Line now completely surrounds the target area—but at much greater expense than the Soviets' Line: a 1,200-mile Soviet missile similar to the Polaris can strike any prime target in the U.S. while in open waters five hundred miles at sea. The broad reaches of the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific can accommodate the entire Soviet N-boat fleet in every season.

Though its duty factor is low because of its complexity and high human and mechanical maintenance requirements (one boat out of five on station), the ballistic-missile submarine is the most ingenious weapon system yet devised. Its effectiveness is fifty to a hundred times greater than all other delivery systems'. Its relatively high speed, great endurance, and depth capability, coupled with near invisibility, make it a very difficult target to locate.

There are two primary methods (other than visual sighting, which is rare) of locating a submarine: a) by underwater sound systems; b) by satellite systems. For long-range sound systems to locate a submarine, the boat must be moving or operating very noisy equipment. It takes about 17 minutes for sound to travel 1,000 miles in water. This time-lag introduces complications in any tracking system based on sound alone. However, when the sound systems are tied together with satellite systems, the oceans become transparent. Or at least they would, except that detectable characteristics, whether observed by sound or satellite, can be screened, modified, or changed, so that other, close-in verification methods are necessary. Final identification must

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usually be made by aircraft using sonar buoys, and magnetic and other detection systems. Computers summarize all the information and, by comparing known characteristics with those received from the sensing equipment, can determine whether a submarine is there.

The nuclear submarine, however, has its own operational problem. Though it is equipped with inertial guidance systems, its navigational accuracy is not all that good, and accuracy is essential for missile launching. Underwater beacons—placed in fixed locations and able to be activated on command from a submarine in the near vicinity—have greatly assisted in this problem. While sound-emitting beacons are subject to detection by listening stations, they can be quite effective in certain locations because of their limited range.

The Lethal Game

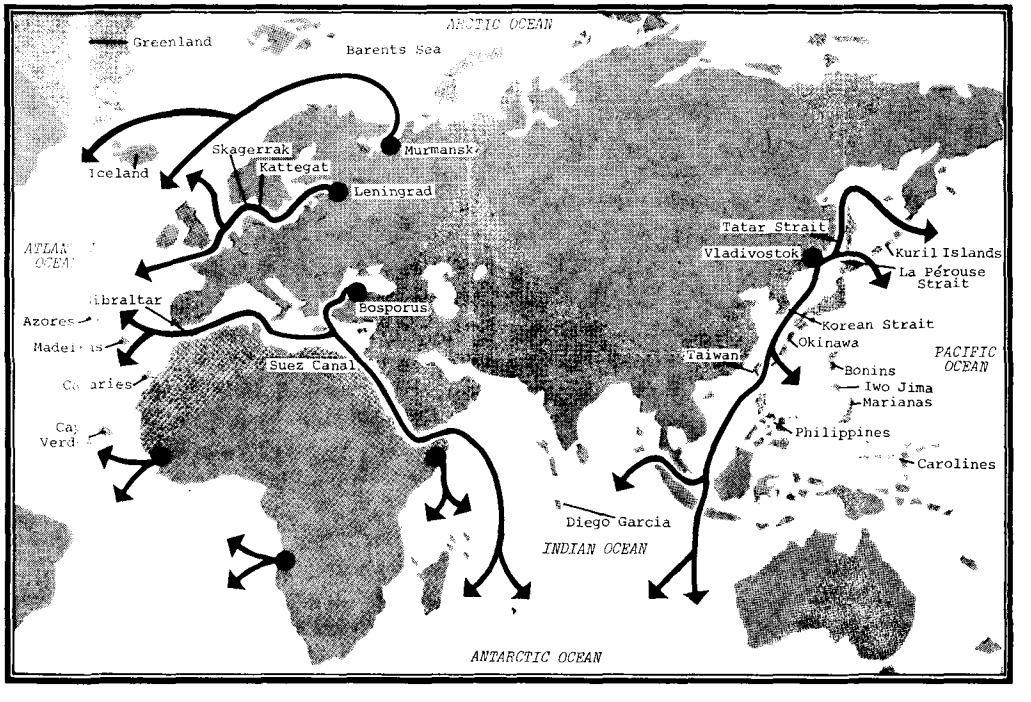
If a nuclear attack is ever launched it will in all probability be from nuclear submarines, without prior warning. Land-based ICBMs are under constant surveillance. The trajectory and speed of the missiles are known, and distances to the targets are long. Thus, there is time to respond. Not so with missile-launching submarines operating against targets in the Midwest and on the East and West Coasts. Since relatively short ranges would be involved and launch locations might not be known, response time could be minimal or nonexistent. A shower of missiles coming in from a variety of directions could well result in a successful attack.

Detecting, locating, and tracking nuclear submarines is fundamental in this lethal game of hide-and-seek, but it is only the first step. The basic defensive factor is to have counterattack capability in the vicinity of the submarines *at all times*: a vessel or plane with a sure and quick kill capacity must be practically on top of each boat within launch range. If a surprise attack is attempted, only one, maybe two, missiles from submarines under such surveillance would have a serious chance of reaching the target area—far better than the eight, 16, or more that would otherwise probably reach it. Under some circumstances heat-seeking short range missiles fired by the covering aircraft can even catch the launch in the early slow-speed stage and abort the firing entirely. (The probability that a killer aircraft is poised directly overhead must also have considerable psychological impact on the captain and crew of a nuclear submarine.)

But in order to get those aircraft into position over the submarines in the first place, intelligence is extremely important. The undoing of the German U-boats in WW II began with the efficient intelligence-gathering network established by the Tenth Fleet, a non-ship think-tank, which received and processed information on submarine movement from underground groups in German-occupied countries. Today, circumstances are different and other means have had to be developed. While the United States, as an open society, is extremely vulnerable to outside surveillance, Western intelligence is denied access to sensitive areas of Russia and its satellites. But in this case geography is on our side.

To assure a positive offensive capability, a reasonable number of nuclear submarines must operate undetected. They must be able to leave their bases without detection, and proceed to their operating areas without detection. A multiplicity of well located-bases would make surveillance more difficult.

The Soviets have few warm-water home ports, and those they have are easily surveilled. A submarine heading north from Vladivostok, for instance, must pass through the Kuril Island chain either by way of La Pérouse Strait between the northern Japanese island of Hokkaido and the Soviet-held island of Sakhalin, or through the Tatar Strait between Sakhalin and the mainland. To the south, the route is the Korean Strait between South Korea and the southern Japanese island of Kyushu. Roadblocks to the south are Okinawa, Taiwan, and the Philippines; to the east, the Bonins, Iwo Jima, the Marianas, and the Carolines. Exit from the Black Sea ports is through Turkey's Bosporus Strait into the Aegean Sea between Greece and Turkey, thence to the Mediterranean. Passage to the Atlantic is through the Strait of Gibraltar; to the Indian Ocean, through the Suez Canal. Entry into the Atlantic from Murmansk on the northern Kola Peninsula is made between Iceland and Greenland or between Iceland and England, both passages less than five hundred miles wide. The trip from Leningrad to the Atlantic, the scenic route, passes down the narrow Gulf of Finland to the Baltic, then through straits less than five miles wide between Sweden and Denmark, or between the Danish Sjaelland Island and the Danish mainland, into the Kattegat and the Skagerrak, thence into the North Sea. From there entry into the North Atlantic is via the English Channel, or



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else northward between England and Norway and then southward between England and Iceland. None of these routes is exactly ideal for covert Soviet submarine operations. *Ocean Science News*, after reviewing the Russian naval journal *Morskoy Sbornik*, recently said: "It would seem that the U.S. Navy has just about closed the curtain on the Soviet submarine fleet."

Closing the Umbrella

Thus, the U.S. has raised a protective umbrella over the world's waterways. To destroy it in whole or in part, or to render it impotent for a period of time, the Soviets must eliminate or impair one or all of its four essential elements: the N-boats; the satellites; the underwater sound detection system and/or its bases; the P3V subsonic aircraft (which carry both sensors and acoustical torpedoes) and/or their bases. For some years the Soviets attacked these elements independently; now they seem aware that the whole umbrella is the sum of its parts.

The destruction of the U.S. N-boat fleet would be impossible. The Soviets do not know exactly where the ships are, nor do they have the strategic aircraft/base combination required to immobilize them. So they are trying to do the next best thing. Remember the protests at the N-boat bases in Scotland and later in Spain, and the riots in Japan when a U.S. nuclear submarine was scheduled to visit that country? Then there was that fuss in Washington State last year over the Trident base. All of these—however they were organized—played into Soviet hands. And now there's an active campaign to "demilitarize" the Indian Ocean.

Next, how can the satellites be handled? On January 18 Defense Secretary Rumsfeld alluded to the possibility of their destruction in his discussion of published reports of Soviet laser and space activity. More recently, *Aviation Week & Space Technology* has written at some length of a new Soviet laser beam technology that if made operational could hamstring U.S. surveillance satellites. (See also "A Whole New Ball Game?" *NR*, May 27.)

As for the underwater sound system and its bases, the Russians can eliminate a base a) by political action or b) by obtaining a base nearby for jamming purposes. And eliminating a base eliminates its system, since the huge, low-frequency sound systems are not mobile as yet. These considerations could have something to do with the accelerating campaign for an independent Puerto Rico. Cuba, blocked from the Atlantic by the Bahamas (the site of a major U.S. sound installation), is acoustically neutralized. Puerto Rico, on the other hand, has a 120° acoustical window on the Atlantic, from Florida to the Cape Verde Islands, and offers both jamming and monitoring possibilities.

And what about those P3V killer aircraft watching the Soviet N-boats? Can the Canadians and the Japanese be induced to stop buying them? Will other kids, like that young man in Australia, be willing to burn a hangar full of them? Can America's allies be persuaded to jack up the rent on the bases, thus upsetting Congress and an economy-minded Defense Department? But meanwhile, the Soviets can build a fleet of long-range supersonic bombers equipped with air-to-air missiles (the West has named them Backfire) to take care of the P3Vs in due course. And by all means keep the B-1 bomber on the drawing board.

And above technology, all tricks of persuasion, propaganda, and subversion are used in this shadow war, brilliantly outlined by Lawrence W. Bielenson in *Power through Subversion*; racial and tribal hatreds are stirred up, political and economic disruption encouraged. The objective is to obtain strategically valuable real estate or, alternatively, to deny it to the U.S.

The major targets are the Atlantic islands belonging to Portugal and Spain: the Azores (Portugal), Canaries (Spain), Cape Verdes (formerly Portugal: they have already achieved independence), and Madeiras (Portugal) all of which have good acoustical windows on the Atlantic and offer established air facilities. The biggest plum of all, the Azores, a major U.S. base, sits near the center of the Atlantic, much as Diego Garcia is positioned in the Indian Ocean. The Soviets tried to secure the Azores a year or so ago during the second Portuguese revolution but were frustrated—thanks, in no small measure, to the hasty and turbulent return of highly disgruntled Portuguese citizens from Angola.

The Prime Target Area

All this activity in the Atlantic basin indicates that the prime Soviet target area lies east of the Mississippi. The Pacific Coast may be where the U.S. missiles themselves are built, but most of the population, nearly all the heavy industry, and the political capital of the nation are in the East. Eliminate that, and what is left? The western half of the country, which contains much of the nation's advanced technological talent and the richest agricultural land in the world. Any atomic fallout, thanks to the way the earth rotates, would simply be carried into the Atlantic and possibly to Western Europe. The western half of the United States would be shaken but not destroyed; it could be a major asset to a victorious Soviet Union.

Meanwhile, the Soviet Union makes good use of the SALT talks and more and more seems to be using the mousetrap technique that we have already seen in the abortive Paris peace talks. The Soviet objective in the SALT talks, as in those earlier talks, is delay: hoping that something will happen or can be caused to happen that will lower the protective U.S. umbrella. If, by selective subversion, the Soviets are able to develop a hunting ground for their N-boats in the North Atlantic and simultaneously to retard the implementation of the U.S. Trident, they will be able to exert far more influence on the United States than heretofore. The remainder of the world will then fall into place, and the umbrella will be gone, forever. □

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CAUTION: ELECTION AHEAD

Eighteen months after Franco: Suárez is pressured to go to his left; the Communist Party is legal; La Pasionaria has returned; "I only sleep with left-wingers," says a CP starlet in a CP magazine

The Rocky Road to Democracy

ROBERT MOSS

On the eve of its first democratic elections in over forty years, Spain is again a major battlefield in a global ideological conflict. The June 15 elections will take place against a backdrop of terror in the Basque provinces and the Canaries, savage clashes between police and left-wing demonstrators, unrest in the barracks, and deepening Communist (including Soviet) penetration. It is hard to gauge whether the democratic experiment is going to work, although to some observers it seems little short of a miracle that it is getting under way at all.

With the government apparatus and the state-run television corporation behind him, and with the personal backing of King Juan Carlos, the young prime minister, Adolfo Suárez (who is running on the ticket of the Democratic Center coalition), will probably be returned to govern. But with some two hundred parties and a half-score of electoral alliances in the field, Suárez' largely artificial coalition is unlikely to get a clear majority of the votes. It will need to make a deal with other groups.

The ideal outcome of the elections would be the creation of a government of the Center-Right, possibly led by Suárez but including Manuel Fraga and some of the conservative heavyweights of the Alianza Popular. Yet there is a danger that Suárez will respond to the blandishments of liberal elements within the Democratic Center coalition—as well as to those of the attractive lady advisor who remains his personal consultant although she has publicly come out for a Socialist group—and seek to govern from the Center-Left. This would mean bringing in left-wing groups like Tierno Galván's PSP (Popular Socialist Party) as, during recent visits to Washington and Mexico City, Suárez hinted he was going to do.

France's Giscard d'Estaing, as well as Don Juan, the King's father, has been rooting for this supposedly middle-of-the-road course. But a moment's reflection should remind Suárez that whatever the traffic rules, if you try to stand in the middle of the road, you are liable to get run over. Giscard's own experience provides the object lesson. By trying to straddle the yellow line in France, Giscard has succeeded only in splitting the Center from the Right, and so has opened the way for a Communist-Socialist victory in next year's legislative elections. (If the elections were held in France tomorrow, the polls suggest, the Union of the Left would get 53 to 56 per cent of the votes.) Yet this fox who has lost his tail appears to have had notable success—through frequent phone calls to Juan Carlos and Suárez—in persuading them that his condition is *à la mode*.

If Suárez does opt for the Center-Left formula, the upshot would be that the conservatives mustered within the Alianza Popular would be pushed into a position of outright opposition to the next government of Spain. This would not only dangerously weaken that government in the face of an inevitable confrontation with the Communist-run "Workers' Commissions" and the Marxist Left, but would deny it the wisdom and authority of some of the country's most experienced and intelligent leaders—notably Manuel Fraga Iribarne, Laureano López Rodó, and Gonzalo Fernández de la Mora. The press has tried to make out that since these men were all ministers under Franco, they must be Fascists and should be left to rot in a basement somewhere. But you cannot shrug off forty years of history. Almost everyone who is anyone in Spain's non-Marxist parties held some public appointment under Franco, and some of those who now pose as "progressive" leaders (like Joaquín Ruiz Jiménez, the left-leaning Christian Democrat) were once tribunes of the blue-shirted Falange.

It is unfortunate that Fraga and his friends have remained largely unknown even to conservatives in Western countries, while Spanish Socialists and Communists have received massive propaganda and financial support from abroad. This is just another sign of conservative disarray at a time when there is no unabashedly conservative government in any major Western country. Socialism—of a Marxist or a Fabian hue—is the ruling establishment throughout most of Europe. There is a Socialist International and a Communist International (no longer called the Comintern, and no longer monolithic, but still very much operative), but there is no Conservative International; and Spain is one of the places where we may have to pay for this. Misguidedly, some of Europe's Christian Democrats are campaigning for Ruiz Jiménez (they include Helmut Kohl and Kai-Uwe Von Hassel, the leaders of West Germany's CDU). Fraga's only real ally in Western Europe has been the Christian Social Union (CSU) of Bavaria's Franz Josef Strauss.

Mr. Moss, editor of The Economist's Foreign Report *and author of* The Collapse of Democracy, *wrote this piece with the help of Martin Arostegui, a young Chilean journalist now based in Madrid.*

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The Socialist governments of Western Europe pressured Suárez into legalizing the Communist Party by making this their condition for recognizing Spain as a "democratic" country. There may be one advantage to the legalization: the polls are likely to expose the Communists' lack of public support. But that is not exactly what the West European Socialists were aiming at; they were indulging in gross intervention in Spanish politics, exercised on behalf of a party whose objectives are, by definition, incompatible with democracy.

The legalization of Spain's CP brought the Soviets one stage nearer to the successful execution of their long-standing strategic plan for the western Mediterranean. According to French and Spanish intelligence sources, the Russians devised a new operational program for the region, codenamed the "Oran plan," early in 1974.

Its goals were a) the overthrow of the conservative governments of Portugal, Spain, and Morocco; b) Soviet control of the western approaches to the Mediterranean, and the eventual withdrawal of the American Sixth Fleet; and c) Soviet naval hegemony along the west coast of Africa. The vital instruments were to include pro-Communist elements in Portugal's Armed Forces Movement (AFM), an emerging "popular front" in Spain, and the Algerian-backed Polisario guerrillas in the Western Sahara. With their help, some of the goals have already been achieved.

While the left-wing coup in Lisbon on April 25, 1974, did not result in a permanent pro-Soviet regime (anyway, not so far), the Russians did achieve one of their larger strategic objectives—domination of Portugal's former African colonies—and came nearer to hegemony along the West African coast. Portugal's CP leader, Alvaro Cunhal, may be out of power, but he is seen in the Kremlin as by far the most successful (as well as the most loyal) of West European Communist leaders. He handed the Russians Angola and Mozambique on a plate, and Luanda is already a major base for Soviet maritime patrols along the West African coast. The Soviets calculate that their subsidiary goal of isolating Portugal from NATO can still be achieved—maybe through a right-wing takeover (more and more likely, as the frustrations of 700,000 refugees from the colonies rise to boiling point), which would make Socialists in Europe shy away, and which could be used to frighten the Spanish electorate with the prospect of an "Iberian Pinochet."

But Spain is a far more urgent target for the Russians than Portugal, which has sunk to the status of the slum of Europe. The notorious "Bogomolov affair" demonstrated the extent of Soviet presumption in Spain. This was the incident in which the Soviet agent who has since been made Ambassador tried to call on the Prime Minister late last year to warn him that the Warsaw Pact countries had decided no new members should be admitted to NATO.

There are other equally striking examples of the depth of Soviet involvement:

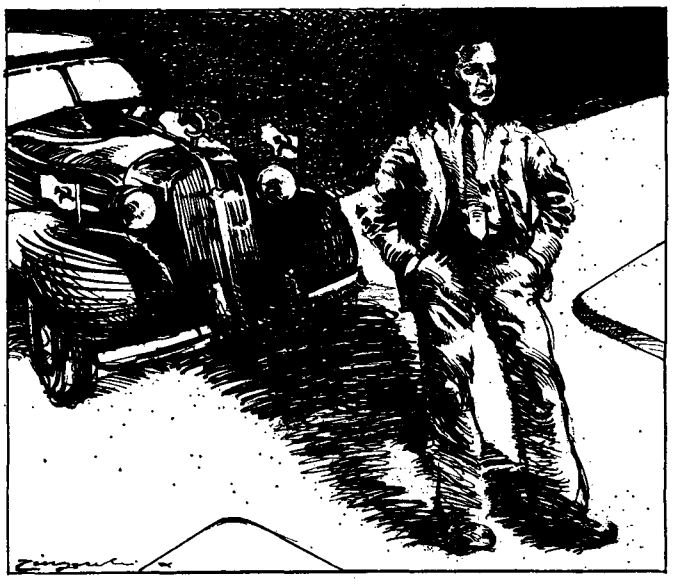
Item: The Russians provided 1.5 billion pesetas last year to finance the Spanish Communist Party, according to intelligence sources in Madrid.

Item: The Russians have made persistent overtures to the left-wing Socialist Workers' Party (PSOE), headed by Felipe Gonzalez (and financed by Venezuela's President Carlos Andrés Pérez to the tune of 400 million pesetas last year alone). A succession of PSOE leaders have traveled to Moscow and received the full red-carpet treatment. Significantly, in view of the long-term goals of the "Oran plan," the PSOE has called for Morocco to withdraw from the Western Sahara in favor of the Algerian-backed Polisario guerrilla front.

Item: A top KGB man, Viktor Lessiovsky, has been posted to Madrid under the cover of a UN assignment (Assistant Secretary General of the International Union of Travel Organizations). Lessiovsky got into the UN circuit as the result of his earlier role as KGB *rezident* in Rangoon, where he developed friendly relations with U Thant. (Lessiovsky was refused a visa when an attempt was made to post him to London.) The overall KGB pressure in Spain has been greatly increased. The Soviet trade unit in Madrid is one of the main bases for KGB undercover work in Spain. Its chief, Yuri Povarovov, was expelled by the Spanish authorities in March, on the day that Georges Marchais and Enrico Berlinguer, the French and Italian Communist leaders, turned up to confer with their Spanish *compañero*, Santiago Carrillo. But other key KGB operatives remain, including Viktor Filipov (deputy chief of the mission, with a track record in Buenos Aires), and Aleksei Osipov. Since 1970, the staff of the trade mission has been increased from 18 to fifty; 15 of the Russian employees are identified KGB men. A TASS correspondent in Madrid, Anatoly Krasikov, is another identified KGB man.

Item: The recent visit to the Canary Islands by Vladimir Pertsov, the Iberian specialist in the powerful International Department of the CPSU's Central Committee (whose chief, Boris Ponomarev, is rightly regarded as the master Soviet subverter), was a revealing indiscretion. The Russians are giving covert backing to the guerrilla separatists of MPAIAC (the Canary Islands liberation movement), whose nominal chief, Antonio Cubillo, is based in Algiers. MPAIAC has embarked on a terrorist campaign that included the extensive sabotage of Las Palmas airport. Meanwhile, Russia's African friends have put the question of independence for the strategic Canary Islands on the agenda for the next summit meeting of the Organization of African Unity.

Item: The Soviets are backing separatist groups inside continental Spain. They appear to view the Basque provinces



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as a Spanish Ulster, which could be placed beyond the control of even the most conservative government in Madrid, thus neutralizing the country in the event of any future conflict in the Mediterranean region. The hack academics of the Moscow Academy of Sciences have returned to the old theme that the Basques have much in common with the Georgians (the Soviet ones, not the Carter crowd), a good reason for promoting cultural exchanges. Western analysts draw a parallel between these Soviet moves and the major studies of African tribal cultures, by people like Professor Potekhin, that preceded Russia's current land-grab in Africa.

Item: Rumania is providing training for Spanish CP activists. Courses reportedly include instruction in sabotage, bomb manufacture, weaponry, and urban street fighting.

Out of the tangle of rival emblems and confusing initials (what Fernández de la Mora calls *la sopa de letras*) that will baffle the Madrid voters on June 15, it is possible to single out the five major political choices that are on offer:

1. *The Communists.* The Communists' new respectability is symbolized by the transfer of the Party headquarters from the obscure, but aptly named, Calle de Peligros (Street of Dangers) to the fashionable *barrio* of Salamanca. Its leaders' democratic pretensions jar with their personal records. While CP posters on Madrid walls carry the slogan "We are Communists because we want democracy," it is not forgotten that Santiago Carrillo was governor of Madrid when the Republican garrison slaughtered 12,000 Nationalist prisoners during the civil war. Dolores Ibarruri (La Pasionaria), who has just returned home from Moscow, may have been given the image of the granny-next-door, but in the twilight of the Republic, she got up in the assembly and shouted at Calvo Sotelo, the conservative leader, "That is the last speech you are going to make." The next day he was assassinated.

In the twilight of the Republic, La Pasionaria got up in the assembly and shouted at Calvo Sotelo, the conservative leader, "That is the last speech you are going to make." The next day he was assassinated

The Carrillo Party has the standard CP structure based on the Leninist idea of "democratic centralism," which demands total allegiance to the Central Committee. There has been talk recently about changing the Party's totalitarian structures, but the only change that is in fact being made is to improve the Party's operational capacity by establishing closer contact between the Central Committee and regional committees.

Carrillo recently brought out a book entitled *Eurocommunism and the State*. In keeping with the current CP fashion, he dropped the idea of a "dictatorship of the proletariat" and proposed instead the "conquest of the state." The emphasis is less on capturing "the means of production" than on "using and transforming the ideological apparatus" of the "monopolistic state." This includes: the Church, the education system, the family, the courts, the political parties, and, above all, the means of communication. In trying to look democratic, Carrillo has succeeded in giving a pretty complete picture of a totalitarian system.

The Spanish CP is making an all-out bid for control of the media. Recently, a meeting was called of all the stockholders of Madrid's liberal daily *El País*. The purpose: to discuss reports about an increasing Communist presence among the staff. At one point during the meeting, a stockholder got up and said, "Will Ramón Tamames, owner of ten shares in PRISA [the paper's publishing house], please stand up and explain who he is." Ramón Tamames stood up and after a brief exchange with the questioner, he declared: "I am a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and I am proud of it."

I HAVE SEEN a communiqué recently issued by the CP's Central Committee to all its top militants with instructions to "pass it on or tear it up." It urges them to use all possible means—from sporting events to religious occasions—to promote the CP, and then to report back to the Central Committee, which in turn would get the word out to the press, especially to "weekly publications," of which (according to this document) the Party controls the ones with "the highest increase in circulation." It is not an idle claim.

The director of *Publicaciones Cambio 16*, Ricardo Utrilla, who controls the weekly news magazine with the highest circulation in Spain (three times that of its closest rival), has been an active CP member since his student days. He was formerly editor of *Diario 16*, a sensationalist evening paper that is published by the same outfit. In the new mood of permissiveness, when news vendors can display bare breasts on their stalls, the CP has not been slow to combine agitprop with pornography. The communiqué quoted above goes on: "The tolerance toward sex that is practiced by government oligarchy is much to our advantage. Many of our newly affiliated youngsters have confessed that they were first attracted by pornography."

So it is no surprise that Alvarez Solis of *Interviu*—Spain's most successful girlie magazine, which mixes sexy photographs with agitprop—is a member of the Central Committee of the CP. He is also associate editor of another magazine, called *Siesta*, which is glossier and more voluptuous, and of the same political persuasion. *Siesta* and *Interviu* are put out by the same publishers, Hauser y Menet, which publish four other girlie magazines with marked left-wing leanings.

A typical issue will include, among the nude photos, an interview with an important CP personality, whether a Party leader, a poet, or an actress like the one who confessed, "I only sleep with left-wingers." It will inevitably contain an attack on the Alianza Popular, with the worst kind of black propaganda about Fraga, who is accused of everything from CIA affiliation, to insanity, to Fascism.

Carrillo is no favorite with Moscow. While Franco was in power the Russians went to the length of trying to set up rival, pro-Soviet groups (especially under General Enrique Lister) in an effort to remove his base. But the CP apparatus inside Spain—as opposed to the exiles who hung out in Paris—has remained, for the most part, staunchly pro-Soviet, if not Stalinist. The fact that 24 Soviet bloc publicity experts trained in Kiev are now helping Carrillo's

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Party with its campaign suggests that the CP's claim to be fully independent of Moscow should not be taken much more seriously than its democratic pretensions.

2. *The Socialists.* There is no real social democratic tradition in Spain. The Left is basically Marxist, and socialism, to a party like the PSOE (the protégé of people like Willy Brandt and Michael Foot), means something a long stride to the left of the *Communist Manifesto.* The PSOE's youthful leader, Felipe Gonzalez, stakes his claim to revolutionary machismo by refusing to wear a tie and declaiming that "no one is to the left of the PSOE." At the PSOE party congress last November, delegations were invited from Communist Parties the world over. The only other Spanish party invited to attend was the CP. In his opening speech, Gonzalez bawled that the PSOE was a "Marxist, revolutionary, class party"—wounding the tender sensibilities of West Germany's SPD (Social Democratic Party) which (at Willy Brandt's behest) has financed the PSOE to the tune of $20 million. The SPD forced Gonzalez to withdraw the remark.

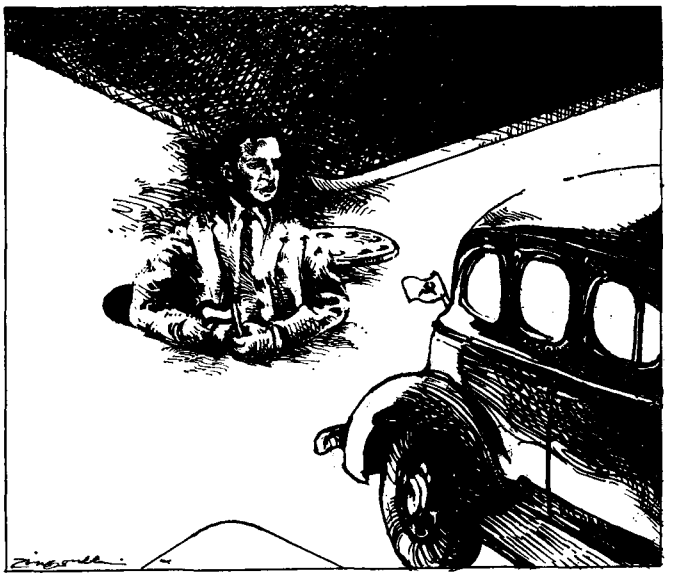
The PSOE is out in front of the other socialist groups because it has been recognized by the Socialist International and is being generously bankrolled by socialist governments abroad. But its puny rival, the PSP—led by Professor Tierno Galván—should not be ignored, especially since it could be a future partner in a coalition of the Center-Left. The PSP has come into some money lately, and its billboards are blossoming. One source of funds appears to be import-export companies that specialize in trade with the Arab world. Snubbed by the Socialist International, the PSP has joined another club: the Conference of Mediterranean Socialist Parties, which is heavily influenced by Algeria and Libya.

The Alianza Popular is the most cohesive political force in Spain, apart from the CP. While the left-wing press brands it neo-Fascist, the phrase is undeserved—a typical example of smear techniques

Tierno Galván has taken to giving speeches about the "identity of the Spanish people with the Third World"—which is not the kind of stuff that will appeal to Spaniards steeped in the *Poema del mio Cid.* Short on working-class Spanish support, the PSP now produces Saharan tribesmen (exiles from what used to be the Spanish Sahara) at its rallies. It goes without saying that it opposes Spanish entry into NATO and demands that the U.S. withdraw from its Spanish bases.

Spain's only approach to a genuinely social democratic party is a strongly anti-Communist group led by the shrewd Madrid lawyer Antonio García López, who has some useful contacts among high-ranking army officers of a relatively liberal persuasion, but only limited rank-and-file support.

3. *The Center.* In Spain, the Center is largely an invention. Prime Minister Adolfo Suárez has taken a junkyard of squabbling little groups and welded them into a vehicle which could provide his government with a democratic mandate. The Democratic Center coalition includes some attractive figures (notably the nineteenth century style liberal, Joaquín Garrigues), but all potential rivals to Suárez—from José María Areilza to Joaquín Ruiz Jiménez—have been elbowed out. With the levers of government at his fingertips, Suárez enjoys an electoral edge over everyone else. He is the only candidate, out of about 6,000, who could announce his decision to run in a twenty-minute broadcast on the government-controlled television network. He assigned the education minister, Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo (who has now resigned from the cabinet to run the Suárez campaign), to bang together the heads of the leaders of the 15 centrist parties.



To the average Spaniard, Suárez seems to stand for a more cosmopolitan Spain—for integration with Western Europe and NATO, for a freer flow of ideas, and fashions, from the outside world. He is praised for the way that he has steered the country toward the elections without running into the many shoals along the way. He is also attacked for the present state of the economy—with inflation running at 25 per cent and a trade deficit approaching $1 billion.

Investment analysts believe that, if re-elected, Suárez would devalue the peseta and tear down protectionist laws introduced by Franco that made it difficult for foreign banks to operate in Spain. But his room for maneuver in these areas will be limited if he chooses to join forces with parties of the Left.

A NOTE ON the *confessional parties:* Suárez seems to have managed to sabotage a bid to set up a strong Christian Democratic Party recognized by the Vatican, which, despite (or because of) the long wrangles between Franco and the Church, might have been expected to attract a significant share of the votes. He persuaded the Archbishop of Madrid, Monsignor Tarancón, to keep the Church politically neutral. Some Vatican advisors had been pressing for clerical endorsement of Ruiz Jiménez and José María Gil Robles.

4. *The civilized Right.* The Alianza Popular (AP) is the most cohesive political force in Spain, apart from the CP. While the left-wing press brands it "neo-Fascist," the phrase

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is undeserved—a typical example of smear techniques. Leaders of the AP include the soft-spoken economic planner Laureano López Rodó, who, as Finance Minister in the 1960s, presided over Spain's economic miracle. That was the period when every flat got a television set, and Spaniards became so ferociously consumer-oriented that old political passions were quite forgotten. The head clerk at a shipping firm sums up that state of mind: "Democracy, fine, but not if it means I earn less money—I have to take my family to Corte Inglés [Madrid's main department store] every Saturday to buy them things."

It was while Gonzalo Fernández de la Mora, another leader of the Alianza Popular, was Minister of Public Works that Spain built its modern highway complex. But his greater achievement is in political philosophy. He is one of the most devastating modern critics in the Spanish language of the failings of the party system and of doctrinaire socialism. "We have here in Spain all the makings of a modern welfare state," he will tell foreign visitors, "a substantial minimum wage, unemployment insurance, health insurance, laws which prohibit the firing of workers, not to speak of efficient state-run services and utilities."

But Fraga, a former Minister of Interior and Information, is the undisputed leader of Alianza Popular. He was one of the prime movers for a liberalization of the regime while Franco was still alive. He also put pressure on former Prime Minister Carlos Arias Navarro (who has also joined AP) to permit the setting up of political associations. It was this move that enabled Adolfo Suárez to get approval from the

Fraga doesn't mince words. Addressing a rally in a suburb of Madrid, he said: "We welcome the Socialists with open arms, but if they want clenched fists, we are better than they at that."

right-wing majority in the Cortes for the constitutional reforms that made possible the Spanish experiment in democracy.

Fraga is hyperactive, brimming over with nervous energy (they used to call him *una fuerza de la naturaleza*), and his tough, assertive style has probably made him as many enemies as friends. But it appeals to many middle-class Spaniards who want a strongman. After all, in any experiment, you need someone to keep a hand on the Bunsen burner—and turn it down if some chemical combination is threatening to explode. Fraga could fulfill that role.

He doesn't mince words. He drew loud applause during a rally in an industrial suburb of Madrid when, in talking about the Socialists, he declared: "We welcome them [the Socialists] with open arms but if they want clenched fists, we are better than they at that." He enjoys the support of groups like the truckdrivers' federation, many of whose members own their own trucks.

5. *The extreme Right* is a factor that can never be ignored in Spain, but the decision of the Alianza Popular to reject appeals from far-Right groups like Blas Piñar's Fuerza Nueva and the Hermandad de Alfereces Provisionales to take them into the fold means that they are left without a significant electoral platform. Franco is rarely given credit by his Western detractors for having used, and then emasculated, Spain's indigenous Fascist movement, the Falange.

Although the former Labor Minister and diehard *falangista* Antonio Girón has lent his name to a new National Alliance to contest the elections, it will be lucky to draw more than 5 per cent of the votes. The strength of public support for democratic change was indicated in last December's referendum on constitutional reform; 92 per cent of those who turned out voted in favor. Still, before a recent police crackdown, fringe groups like the Warriors of Christ the King and the Falangist Kamikaze Commandos were causing merry hell in Madrid. They are great favorites among visiting foreign television teams. It is difficult to ignore that handsome girl wearing a red beret perfectly tilted over flowing black hair, a blue shirt with just the right number of buttons undone, tight skirt, leather high-heeled boots, one hand on hip and the other outstretched in the Roman salute. But there is not much more to it than hyperreactionary chic.

I have not mentioned the armed forces, waiting in the wings. The generals were outraged by the legalization of the CP. Some publicly criticized the move in a manner that would probably have got them sacked in other Western countries. Admiral Pita da Veiga, the Navy Minister, resigned. The police have been still more outspoken, and have released some of their frustrations in violent clashes with left-wing demonstrators. Following the May Day violence, Suarez has tried to bring the police under tighter civilian control and to consign the Guardia Civil to rural backwaters. It remains to be seen how they will put up with *that*.

The personal popularity of Juan Carlos and his enchanting Queen, Sofia, and the conversion of the bulk of traditional conservatives to democracy through the Alianza Popular have helped to keep the generals out of politics since Franco's death. Furthermore, they may have reason to fear that their orders might not be obeyed if they did decide to intervene. As in any conscript army, the recruits reflect the political divisions in the society as a whole, while a left-wing officers' movement (UDM), similar to Portugal's AFM, has some influence among subalterns.

Still, it would be foolish to rule out the possibility of military intervention if terrorism and Communist-inspired labor unrest continue to increase. If the democratic experiment is to work, it will require that hand on the Bunsen burner.

The conservative hope in Spain is that a government of the Center-Right can be formed that will a) provide the authority required to contain internal subversion and to retain the confidence of the armed forces while b) opening the way for Spain to play a necessary (and long delayed) role in NATO. This, I suspect, is the direction in which King Juan Carlos' own instincts would lead him—if he is prepared to let them. To allow the next government to go whoring off in some other direction (that, for example, of the Portuguese Soares) in the hope of becoming pals with Europe's Socialists would be a possibly tragic error. □

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A BETTER WAY

The Bentleg Solution

JOSEPH P. McGRATH

THE BUSING CONTROVERSY in Boston has had one redemptive, if indirect, effect. It has run interference for another program with similar ambitions, allowing it to incubate undisturbed, free from the pressures of national exposure. That program has now cut its teeth, and it is time for us to take a long hard look at the Whole Student Transfer Program of Bentleg, Minnesota.

At the helm of this imaginative experiment is the Honorable U. Princeton Welles of the Minnesota District Court system. Judge Welles saw the writing on the wall two years ago when Boston started its busing program. He knew that the little city of Bentleg, the seat of his district, had a bit of adjusting to do integrationwise. For years the Bentleg schools had been segregated, and though this was not malicious in intent, reflecting as it did housing patterns, Judge Welles wasn't taking any chances. Nevertheless, he also had grave doubts about busing.

The Boz Report

After months of personal study, hearings, and extensive rap sessions with social workers and civil rights activists, Judge Welles, though not a federal magistrate, issued a two-hundred-page report which included the hearing testimony as well as a concise, well-wrought formula for the desegregation of Bentleg. The first conclusion the report came to is perhaps an obvious one—busing will not work. But—make no mistake—this is not merely another reactionary harangue against well-meaning initiative. Sociologist and Professor Fenton Boz, who, under the guidance of Judge Welles, authored the report, was not out to sling any mud. In fact, the report's arguments for finally dismissing busing as a tool are merely the first layer of a brilliant psycho-social analysis which culminates in a formulation Boz calls Sustained Immersion Theory.

Busing, in the report's view, "confronts the problem on the level of the problem" and is therefore doomed from the start. Since the problem would seem to be one of moving a percentage of black children to white schools and vice versa, busing them to and fro would appear to be the best, indeed the only, solution. Not so fast! I quote the Boz report: "The principal fault—the crippling fault—of busing as a tool is that it employs the 'Dunking Method.' The child is plopped into the 'integration soup,' as it were, for a few hours and then he/she is yanked out again. There is no opportunity for attitudinal adjustment to take place." Now, this has been recognized by others (notably Howell Kenyon of Harvard, whose study is mentioned in the report), but it has been thought that with time—that is, with continually repeated "dunkings"—the child would adjust. Boz's salient insight is that this hope is naïve:

> With busing, the child spends most of his/her time in a non-integrated environment. After school and in the evening she/he often gathers in (de facto) segregated groups of "kids from the neighborhood." In these groups, which are certainly more fraternal than a school situation can be, the firmest social relationships are developed. This is how the good effects of integration are, so to speak, washed off at the end of the day. It is far too easy to retain a "segregated attitude" with the "Dunking Method." Not only does it favor, by a large margin, the segregated environment in terms of impact on the child, the constant alternation may indeed prove dangerous to his central nervous system.

Professor Boz's Sustained Immersion Technique, as explained in the report, is simply a program devised with the Whole Student in mind. It will permit a sustained confrontation with an integrated environment; it, in effect, substitutes *continuous exposure* to integration for the inefficient *continual alternation* of the "Dunking Method."

On a practical level, there is only one way to apply the Sustained Immersion Technique. The Whole Student Transfer Program, outlined in the report and implemented last September, seems to fill the bill perfectly. It is a simple program. Judge Welles, in issuing his court order based on the report's findings and recommendations, worked closely with the Bentleg School Committee. The committee was cooperative and spared no energy in compiling the necessary data, educating parents, and coordinating the placement of students in their new homes.

The court order has two basic facets. The first deals with new home assignments: each white student is assigned to a black home, each black student to a white home. Extensive efforts were made to substitute children of similar age and temperament to maximize ease of assimilation. This facet of the program was carried out very efficiently and achieved almost universal compliance in the first five school days.

Running Out of Pantsuits

The other aspect of the program is really the crucial one in terms of the long-range success of the experiment. In order to "ease into" the program in the least abrasive way possible, the children were instructed to report to their new home assignments with just a toothbrush and the clothes on their backs. From then on, they wore whatever clothing their predecessor had left behind. According to Boz, this was done to provide for the parents "a familiar context in which to relate to their new child." Further requirements were established with this goal in mind, namely, that custodial parents retain a similar household routine for their new child: the same bedtime, the same television restrictions, the same chores, and the same methods of personal hygiene.

This novel approach has caused a few minor problems. Despite the best efforts of the School Committee in coordinating assignments, the captain of one school's basketball team was caused some undue embarrassment when he came to school stuffed into the clothes of his predecessor, a decidedly squat sixth-grader. And Tommy McCord, an excitable high school freshman, sent a

When not writing, Mr. McGrath can be found on the streets of Boston selling—at a substantial reduction—three million cans of spray saccharin.

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threatening letter to Judge Welles the second week of the program complaining bitterly about his home assignment and claiming that his custodial parents were "running out of pantsuits and if you think I'm going to school in a jumper, you're stupider than you look."

When a community is moving through uncharted social territory, such mixups are inevitable. What is encouraging about the Bentleg Solution is that the people recognize its worth and are willing to work to overcome the petty obstacles. Judge Welles, in dealing with the Tommy McCord "jumper" incident, actively sought community input. Several women's groups were polled to determine whether or not they considered young McCord's reason for applying for transfer sexist. He expressed relief (as, we may surmise, did Tommy) when these groups agreed not to make an issue of the case.

The Jones Receivership

Such cooperation from the community has been the hallmark of the entire first year of the program. Typical of the active supporters of the experiment are John and Miriam Brock. Although they are financially able to send their son, Freddy, to a private school, they have instead chosen to participate in the program. Both of the Brocks serve on their neighborhood "citizens' education committee," which coordinates the program on the neighborhood level and adjudicates the disputes that from time to time arise between custodial parents and their new offspring. Says Miriam Brock: "It's mostly generation gap stuff, the same kind of thing we used to have with Freddy." These parents believe in the program not merely as a remedial desegregation tactic, but as a way of life. They say it's a great way to meet new people and to broaden their emotional horizons. With this attitude informing the actions of parents in the program, only success can result.

A few parents, however, did pull their children out of the Bentleg system and place them in private schools. Judge Welles frowns on this, since it upsets the delicate equilibrium required to implement the program. But there is some indication that next fall this problem may be voluntarily eliminated at the source. Father Francis Pullman, headmaster of St. Mary's School in neighboring Fairmont, Minnesota, recently held a press conference in which he stated that his "school would not be used as a haven for racists." Though St. Mary's had accepted a few fugitive students last September, Father Pullman has closed admission for next year to all but the younger siblings of children already enrolled in the school. Judge Welles commended the cooperation of Father Pullman and the Church, calling it "admirable."

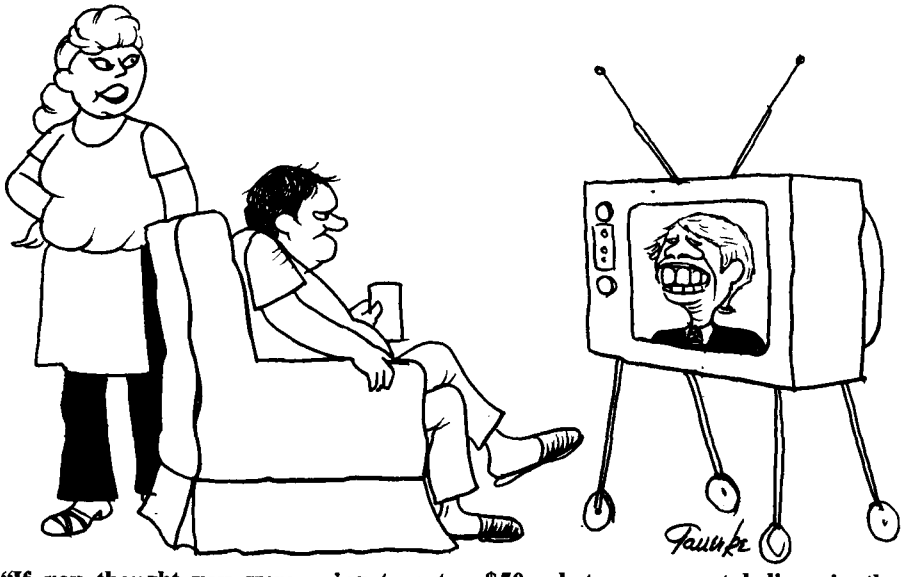
It is extraordinary that only one family has openly defied the court order. The State of Minnesota requires that a child attend school until her or his 16th birthday. Therefore, when Harry and Linda Jones pulled their little girl, Shelley, out of the program although they could not afford to place her in a private school, Judge Welles had no choice but to place the family in receivership. This simply means that responsibility for all domestic decisions devolves upon the court or its appointed agents. Despite the claims of certain "libertarians," it should be clear to any literate observer that receivership is not a four-letter word. In those few cases of severe and determined recalcitrance, there is no practical alternative; without it the court order would be unenforceable.

In dealing with receivership and other difficult situations, Judge Welles has demonstrated a capacity for forceful leadership which, though admirable, tends to overshadow and obscure those qualities truly typical of his custodianship. Paramount among these qualities are an openness to the counsel of experts, an almost mystical belief in the value of deep and sober introspection, and a sophistication which enables him to reject all things pedantic or arbitrary. The way in which the potentially sticky question of summer vacations was handled is emblematic of the magistrate's wisdom and flexibility.

Macrocosmic Smacks

Convinced that a ten-week hiatus was far too long and was dangerous to the Whole Student, Judge Welles at first abolished summer vacation altogether, However, when the School Committe reported that it did not have the funds to maintain the schools in operation year-round, he withdrew the order for further study. A week later he issued a second order, which allowed the schools to close for the summer on condition that the students remain in their new homes over the vacation rather than return to their biological parents. The motivation for this was the Judge's anxiety that one school year might prove inadequate to "internalize integration." Also contributing to the decision was Dr. Boz's conviction that "to send the children home for a segregated summer smacks—albeit macrocosmically—of the Dunking Method."

There is no one answer to the question of segregation; Bentleg is not Boston and the Whole Student Transfer Program is not a panacea for all the ills of society. But as the busing controversy escalates, there is one thing you can say about the Bentleg Solution —it is working. □



"If you thought you were going to get a $50 rebate, you must believe in the tooth fairy."

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Kemp & Co.

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

THE RAP AGAINST conservatives in Congress is that they are always on the defensive, playing goalie against the liberals and meekly letting the bad guys set the terms of the debate. That rebuke, unhappily, has all too often been deserved.

By slow degrees, however, this situation has been changing. Though their minority status keeps them from scoring many victories (there have been some), conservatives have increasingly grasped the fact that they must develop an offense if they are to have a chance of winning anything. A new and more aggressive breed of rightward lawmakers has been fashioning plans to put their principles to work in the agora, and to provide a mechanism by which conservatives can seize and hold political initiative. This column will try from time to time to monitor the progress of such efforts.

As good a place as any to begin this survey is with the continuing warfare being waged by some free enterprise Republicans on matters of basic economic policy—taxes, jobs, investment, and inflation. The most visible leader in this endeavor has been Representative Jack Kemp of New York, with a considerable assist from Representatives John Ashbrook and Del Latta of Ohio, Marjorie Holt of Maryland, and John Rousselot of California. On the Senate side, the battle has been carried by James McClure of Idaho, William Roth of Delaware, and Orrin Hatch of Utah.

Under constant prodding from Representative Kemp, the emerging Republican/conservative line on economic matters has come to look like this: The crying need in our economy is to reduce the drag on productive activity imposed by government. The key to doing that is to slash tax rates across the board, on individuals and businesses. The effect of such a reduction would be to step up levels of savings and investment, creating capital and jobs. On past experience, the resulting burst of productivity would also bring a rise in federal revenues, thereby reducing the size of our inflationary deficits.

The basic vehicle for this conception is known as the Kemp-McClure Jobs Creation Act, repeatedly introduced in recent sessions of the Congress. In its original form, this bill (HR-3418) would provide an across-the-board 10 per cent income tax cut for all taxpayers, provide an exemption of $1,000 for savings accounts or new investments, end double taxation of dividends, and reduce tax rates on smaller corporations.

A more recent Kemp proposal, the Revenue Act of 1977, plays variations on the Jobs Creation theme, but with a greater emphasis on personal tax cuts: it would lower individual income tax rates by 28 per cent, reduce corporate tax rates by four percentage points, and increase the annual business surtax exemption from $50,000 to $200,000. Related bills have been introduced in the current session by Representatives Rousselot and Ashbrook in the lower chamber, and Senators Roth and Hatch in the upper chamber.

NEARLY ALL the components of this legislation are vintage conservative/Republican doctrine, but what Kemp and Co. have managed to do is to put it all together into a single comprehensible, and credible, package. Data inserted into the *Congressional Record* by Kemp and Hatch on the decline of U.S. productivity, the correlation between investment and jobs, and the negative effects of high tax rates on savings and investment are scholarly and impressive—so much so that they have become, *de facto*, the accepted Republican position on such issues.

Particularly telling is the contrast between the Republican permanent tax cut notion and the one-shot rebate preferred by President Carter—a contrast that obviously helped dispatch the Carter plan to legislative happy hunting grounds. A one-time rebate of $50 per person in low-income purchasing power is at best a palliative (never mind what it is at worst), administered after the fact. But, as a permanent, substantial tax cut across the board that people can count on, it will powerfully influence future decisions on savings and investment and thus the rate of plant expansion and creation of employment.

The stumbling block to this bonanza for orthodox Republicans has been the prospect of adding to already monstrous deficits by adoption of a major tax cut. But Kemp and Professor Paul Craig Roberts (formerly a Kemp consultant, now with Senator Hatch) have persuasively shown that a cut in *rates* can bring a rise in *revenues* through expansion of the economic action—a case they document, with obvious relish, from the tax cuts promoted by President John F. Kennedy in 1962.

When the Kennedy tax cuts were first proposed, Treasury estimates on their fiscal impact predicted a revenue loss of $89 billion over a six-year period. Instead, because of the upward surge of the economy the tax cuts produced, revenues grew by $54 billion—a tidy difference of $143 billion in money available to the Federal Government.

The tax-cut approach has many advantages, in addition to its down-home perspicuity. It puts conservatives on the side of the taxpaying angels, and it is flexible enough to permit adaption to several types of legislative combat. A permanent tax reduction of one sort or another has been proposed five different times in the current session, forcing liberals and Democrats to go on record against a tax cut, even as they queued up to get their pay hikes and give unstinting suffrage to every spending scheme imaginable. It is likely the tax cut idea will be brought forward yet again this year, in keeping with its proper status as a jobs proposal.

If all that is not enough to make the liberals queasy, those repeated conservative references to the example of John F. Kennedy should make the job complete. Who are those liberals in Congress, anyway? And why are they keeping us from having Camelot again? □

Mr. Evans is a syndicated columnist for the Los Angeles Times *and a commentator for the CBS* Spectrum *series.*

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E. B. White on the Exercycle

Letters of E. B. White
By E. B. White
Harper & Row, 686 pp., $15

DONALD HALL

All winter, frozen into a New Hampshire farm, I have taken exercise by riding a stationary bicycle. It's been five miles a day every day, going nowhere, on this strange vehicle near the living room's castiron Glenwood. To defeat the boredom of such pedaling, I have been reading E. B. White's *Letters*. Five miles a day comes out to about 12 pages. I figure that the whole book consumed 285 living room miles, give or take a furlong. It's been a pleasant journey, although for a long time I felt sure that the *Letters*, like the bicycle, were not going anyplace.

I learned a few things, reading White's *Letters*. The first thing I learned was where *The New Yorker*'s style came from. I don't mean the magazine's dear eccentricities of content—Ivy League football columns, racetrack chit-chat, thickets of factual data on *anything*; those large qualities came from Harold Ross. I mean instead the *New Yorker* tone of voice—at once self-mocking and self-assured, witty through comic juxtaposition, ironic and modest and uppity all together—which characterizes "Talk of the Town," and which the whole staff caught like a communicable disease from E. B. White. When Thurber caught it he added his own grand touches, but he needed to catch it before he could begin to be Thurber. Wolcott Gibbs caught it, anonymous drones who churned out Talk pieces caught it—and John Updike in one of his incarnations, and Brendan Gill.

ONE SEES the start of The Style in White's *Letters*, in letters written before Ross called *The New Yorker* into existence. By this time, the familiar *New Yorker* style has dispersed itself among hundreds of writers not clever enough to write for the master's magazine. The Style turns up in the *Turnip-grower's Gazette*, looking slightly shifty-eyed. If he wades around in the monthly journalism of our day, White must feel at times like an imperfect Typhoid Mary, seeing so many weak imitations of the disease he carried.

But we must not blame him if his genius was semi-communicable. Most of his influence has been benign, for the elements of his style are elegant and forceful, brief, idiomatic, rhythmic, particular, and pointed. White's principles of prose resemble Ezra Pound's or George Orwell's—three rather different writers—but beyond the principles there is a cadence of feeling in White's work that pervades and identifies him specifically. The Style is the man, and the man comes to seem The Style.

As I pedaled my way through the first three hundred pages, the consistency of The Style began to disturb me. It was like talking with someone who wore the same facial expression—a strange smile, a frown—whether he spoke of baseball or death, *New Yorker* business or the United Nations. Or it was like talking with someone who kept one note of irony, although you could not tell where in his mouth or his inflection the irony resided; even when he says I love you or I hate your guts, there is something self-mocking, something which while it gives is also taking away. The Style thus is strangely disconnected from the world it talks about, a Cheshire Cat's smile fading on the air. I suspect that Groucho Marx was remarking this quality when he referred to White as "a wraithlike figure who lives in a spirit world."

That sense of self-mockery means that even when White is most serious, you cannot quite fault him for what he says. He is modest about his notions—modesty like a pillbox three feet thick. I find myself wanting to be unfair to E. B. White and The Style. So I will try: over much of this book, I find him complacent, without a sympathy that extends into the world around him. The letters reveal a man class-bound. When he is political, his empathy is *principled*, rather than emotional, and I am suspicious of the principles. He advocates a federacy of nations, or he attacks the Salisbury/*Esquire*/Xerox menage; but—as when he censured Alexander Woollcott for providing testimonial advertising, years back—one senses that his defense of literature and the First Amendment resides as much in *good taste* as in moral principle.

This Style, we come to see, is a grid imposed on the world, a way to organize perceptions into sentences. Organizing perceptions, it delimits a

Christopher Baldwin *is a freelance writer. . . .* **Victor Gold**'*s latest book is* PR as in President. *. . .* **Donald Hall** *is a poet who lives on a farm in New Hampshire. . . .* **Susan Schwartz McDonald** *is a student at the Annenberg Communications Center at the University of Pennsylvania. . . .* **Mitchell Ross**'*s book on literary politicians will soon be forthcoming from Doubleday. . . .* **Benjamin Stein**, *formerly a* Wall Street Journal *editor, has just completed a disaster novel called* The Brink.

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world. I think The Style exists in order to limit the extent of empathy possible —and therefore the extent of vulnerability or hurt. It is language as carapace. Therefore when he observes—on a Mother's Day in New York City—that "the entire janitorial family [across the street] has blossomed into pink carnations," the characteristic adjective separates these working-class people from our feelings, our concerns, as effectively as if we were looking at them through aquarium glass—or through Eustace Tilley's monocle.

I said I wanted to be unfair. I have been unfair enough. This book is wonderful. As I pedal my way from page to page, turning healthier by the signature, I like the man E. B. White more and more. If The Style is the man, the man's daily improvised exercises in The Style of himself finally add up to E. B. White's best book. He is a writer at his best—one would have thought—in little things: essays, children's books, paragraphs, newsbreaks, satirical poems—yet willy-nilly, not knowing that he was doing it, he has written a large book, which is the book of his life, in this collection of letters.

IT IS THE SHAPE of this life that finally gives the book the dimensions that elsewhere his writing has lacked, and that moves him beyond style. White has never been afraid to touch on death —in his wonderful essay "Once More to the Lake," in *Charlotte's Web*—but he has only *touched* on death, precisely: *touched* on it and then drawn back. In general he has avoided confrontation with human suffering, protected as ever by the ironic and elegant shell of The Style.

But when he went to Maine, he began—it turns up in letter after letter—to look outside the coziness of his monoclass world, into the world of rural people among whom class is insignificant. More important, White and his beloved wife, Katharine, began to suffer—as we shall all suffer, if we do not kill ourselves earlier—the gradual debilitations of body, day to day, over the long road through aging toward death. As he and his wife suffer infirmity, pain, and the loss of their bright talents, acknowledged suffering enters White's prose. The Style enlarges, self-mockery is no longer possible, and he joins a dance of dying which unites him with the rest of humanity. Compassion and empathy become him; he is a noble and fine old man; and his firm and scrupulous language leaves him not at all, but serves him as by its example it serves us all. The stationary bicycle —life lived day by day, problems encountered, suffering endured—went somewhere after all. □

The Long Tunnel: A Coal Miner's Journal
By Meade Arble
Atheneum, 239 pp., $8.95

A MAGIC BOOK

D. KEITH MANO

Bend down. Go on, I'll wait. This review should be read under the kitchen table. Allow yourself 36 inches of clearance, no more than that. You can't kneel: there's icy sulphur water, three fingers deep, on the kitchen floor: water that'd burn skin off your leg. Count one scrape or bruise every time a shoulder touches table: the roof here is studded with brutish pins and hooks. Shovel, drag, lift, hammer: do something. You'd like to goldbrick, but work is antifreeze at 20° F., plus 30-mph windchill. And, given a geomorphic whim, the thunderous whole of Above could squash you flat as lichens. Stay in that position until you've finished these 804 words. Then project the discomfort through an eight-hour shift.

There are jobs that have all the ceremony of religion; or of a complex madness. Elaborate costume is one index. Miners prep and vest for work; they wear sordid regalia. Index Two

is distinctiveness of place: mines are the under-sanctum, separate. Yet a third mark is shared risk: physical, psychic. Talk about getting the shaft. A coal miner lives in intricate jeopardy: finger, foot, hand, lung gone. And the mind, too, is sheared off, changed; ulcers pop and leak. Not just sociology: a complete anthropology is in order here. Miners are like men who have stood on lunar desert: different from us. Only the experience itself—almost in the evangelical sense of election, conversion, rebornness—can reconcile this difference.

Meade Arble was a postulant to the mines. Age: 34. Eight years in college. Two children and another on bake. Jobless. Broke. Arble entered the coal-seamy side of life because he had no other option. This special circumstance permits him to mediate between reader and underground. Painfully, ligament by ligament, he sculpted a second physique onto his armature skeleton. And the adjustment got made to daily, trite horror. ". . . a man was guiding cable into a winch and stepped into a loop. The loop snapped tight around his leg, and the only way he could save himself from being pulled into the winch was to twist his leg off at the hip." Of course: what else? But consider that: consider twisting your own leg off. The merciless common sense of it.

ARBLE'S STYLE is laconic, undecorated, apt: pin-pointy as head-lamps. Romanticism, metaphor and slick locution, would have been a putdown; it would have excommunicated him in spirit from the miners. Language is community. And the validation of his mates was precious to Arble. After nearly one year he will write, "When both pumps had been removed, we were soaked and exhausted. Proud, though. It took superior men to endure eight hours of that work. We either sweated or froze during the entire shift." An initiation into manhood has been undergone. You scent bloody-minded, dogged triumph. Better: feel it. *The Long Tunnel* is a magic book. With qualities most often attributed to high meditation: trance, power-rush, loss of the subjective I. This must be what they call a great *read*. The very best I've had in months and months.

Such men are naturally in a unionized condition: black lung and tunnel vision connect them. The UMWA is

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no more than codification for their joint state of mind. Arble, bankrupt, will be short-changed by senseless strike after senseless strike. One miner has lost $1.95 worth of overtime pay: four pits, several thousand men, go out in protest. UMWA, with its *Bleak House* Chancery fogginess, is the perfect image of a mine: mazed, dark, suicidal. And subterranean habits influence that other union: man-woman. No relationship or preoccupation can cut in on the mine-miner dance. It cuckolds marriage. "The doctor agreed that walking in the low for hours a day affected a man's sex life." Earth will ask slow chastity of its proselytes.

Tough, brave dudes: yes. Yet that bravery is narrow: pathetic, in a sense. For his preface Arble has quoted Joseph Conrad: "Few men realize that their life, the very essence of their character, their capabilities, and their audacities are only the expression of their belief in the safety of their surroundings." A miner will externalize his mine. There is claustrophobia in fields; even the sky has to be propped. "Where else," they say—and some not yet twenty years old—"where else could I earn $12,000?" Probably in a lot of places, given the grit and the resolve that they manifest daily three hundred feet underground. Top-side, though, miners fear: capability and audacity warped by an unsafe environment. Not Arble. He beat it after one year. For him there was light at the end of *The Long Tunnel*. Buy this book, soon as you crawl out from under your table: we've got to keep Meade Arble above ground. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM MAY: John Updike's latest collection of poems is *Tossing and Turning* (Knopf, $7.95). . . . Frank E. Vandiver's biography *Black Jack: The Life and Times of John J. Pershing* (Texas A&M Press, $35 the two volumes) is carefully researched and more than one thousand pages long.

■ JUNE TITLES: *A Government as Good as Its People* (Simon & Schuster, $8.95) is a collection of campaign speeches and interviews of President Jimmy Carter, who recently instructed his speechwriters to couch his exhortations in language accessible to ninth-graders. . . . In *The Abuse of Power: The Permanent Government and the Fall of New York* (Viking, $10.95), Jack Newfield and Paul Dubrul argue that New York City was done in by its own rulers: bankers, underwriters, lawyers, czars of the public authorities, insurance companies, builders, judges, shyster politicos, and certain union officials. In other words, by all but the people—if there are any left over. . . . Ralph Nader and John Abbotts write vilely, and their book *The Menace of Atomic Energy* (Norton, $10.95) is consequently almost impenetrable. Nevertheless, the simple thesis readily emerges from the morass: nuclear energy is the most dangerous of man's inventions since the wheel. . . . In *Mediaworld: Programming the Public* (Seabury Press, $8.95), John M. Phelan claims that the media have a double nelson on public opinion and popular culture, and that they reduce information to the level of a commodity. . . . Milovan Djilas, the Yugoslav dissident and author of *The New Class*, has completed a new book about his military adventures in World War II and the rise of Communism in Yugoslavia; it is entitled *Wartime* (Harcourt Brace, $14.95).

■ JULY TITLES: Jules Witcover, the national political correspondent of the *Washington Post*, has written a reportorial account of last fall's presidential campaign called *Marathon: The Pursuit of the Presidency 1972-1976* (Viking, $10). . . . William C. Davis' *The Battle at Bull Run: A History of the First Major Campaign of the Civil War* (Doubleday, $8.95) looks to be first-rate bellicose history.

■ DEPARTMENT OF PESTILENCE: In *The Family Movie-Making Book* (Bobbs-Merrill, $9.95), Jay Garon and Morgan Wilson give instructions for making home movies allegedly gratifying to forced audiences of friends and neighbors. Who are likely to return under cover of night with a cross made of laths, and a can of kerosene.

On the Silence of the Declaration of Independence
By Paul Eidelberg
University of Massachusetts Press, 127 pp., $7

THE SOUND OF SILENCE

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Here is a calm and tidily reasoned essay on the Declaration of Independence, with the good sense not only to treat that document as a whole but also to treat it as part of a larger whole. The "silence" of the Declaration is its taciturnity with respect to truths which it presupposed but didn't have to utter because the Signers either shared them with the "candid world" they addressed, or chose to emphasize complementary truths, which, however, depended for their validity and meaning on the "silent" truths. Thus, for instance, Professor Eidelberg argues that "all men are created equal" is a proposition that it was circumstantially necessary to play up, since everybody knew that men *aren't*, in many respects, created equal. Thus "all men are created equal" means, then and there, "all men are, in the sense here and now relevant, created equal."

What Eidelberg wants to correct is the general ignorance which, not knowing itself as ignorance, thinks the Declaration, or that fraction of it liberals and radicals are always quoting at us, means just what it sounds like it means, or just what the general reader armed with a dictionary thinks it means, or even (to go a little beyond his explicit scope) just what the scholar, armed with parallel texts from Jefferson, can demonstrate it to mean. Least of all does it mean what the ideologue, importing an eccentric and modern cluster of presuppositions, wants it to mean.

Well then, what *does* it mean? It means that the "colonies" are declaring themselves "free and independent states": i.e., separate sovereignties. It is a declaration, or what J. L. Austin called a "performative utterance": the kind of thing which, like a promise, is true because you say it is true. (If you say you promise, you do promise.) Everything else is subordinate to that fact: that the Americans were constituting themselves a separate people, politically, from the English. They invoked the principle of equality *for that purpose*, and not to promise the abolition of poverty, or the freeing of slaves, or the enfranchisement of women (or of anyone else).

One of the virtues of Eidelberg's essay is that it intimates the wide range of options, rather than any straight and narrow line of a leveling program, opened up by the Declaration. Indeed, part of his thesis is that the Declaration is in its import semi-aristocratic, in that it tacitly (silently, one might say) holds that only *qualified* representatives can

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fitly govern the people and that among the qualifications must be a true sense of what equality—equality in rights and intrinsic dignity—means.

This sounds a good deal like an endorsement of a revolutionary vanguard, more equal than others. To which Eidelberg (if he were more bumptious than he is) might reply: Yes, that's just what the Signers thought they were—and properly so. They thought themselves a "natural aristocracy" with deeper insight into political morality and political prudence than their fellow citizens; and precisely what set them off from both King and rabble was their sober sense that arbitrariness was the enemy of good government. They meant to see to it that the new States would be ruled by men who shared their own public spirit or, to use Eidelberg's word, their *civility*. Hence they could, without any injustice or inconsistency, attach conditions to the franchise even when they held explicitly that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed.

Eidelberg makes it part of his explanatory method to step back from the Declaration and notice its manner: "Note the dignity, the lofty tone of this language." That tone was deliberate, and implies something about the temper of the men who assumed it so self-consciously, and about the nature of the occasion: an auspicious one, as they thought, for mankind. Their metaphysics expresses itself in their rhetoric, and Eidelberg takes it most seriously—arguing, with reference to philosophers from Aristotle to Whitehead, for a kind of political metaphysics that is genuinely individualistic without reducing society to a contractual get-together. In this he sounds much like his colleague at Claremont Men's College, Harry Jaffa, who argues, along similar lines, that government exists to promote all the good things that social life can realize, though promoting them is a very different thing from supervising—or subsidizing—them all. (Jaffa's great essay on Aristotle might be titled "On the Silence of Aristotle's *Politics*.") What both men offer is a political philosophy whose libertarianism is rational and avoids the sophistical doctrine that the state cannot respect freedom unless it is itself "value-free." Eidelberg cites, as a notable instance of this delusion, a remark of William O. Douglas': "I do not think it is permissible to draw lines between the 'good' and the 'bad' and be true to the constitutional mandate to let all ideas alone."

Eidelberg calls this arrogant diffidence by the old-fashioned name "relativism," and his discussion of it tends toward callowness: hardly anyone describes himself as a relativist any more. Still, it is a creed that seems to have many votaries, if their actions and muddled self-justifications are any indication: both Lyndon Johnson and his arch-critic in the Senate, J. William Fulbright, are quoted as saying things that lead back to relativistic premises, however concealed. And those premises are still recognizable as the root of U.S. foreign policy: a pathetic belief that principles don't matter enough to prevent everyone from getting along together. Eidelberg succeeds in reminding us that this weak and benign cynicism is no kin to the manly belief in human dignity and honor ("*sacred* honor") that makes the Declaration one of the great political documents in the world. □

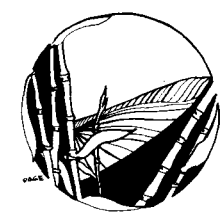
The Politics of South Africa: Democracy and Racial Diversity
By Howard Brotz
Oxford, 164 pp., $11.95

BROTZ & FAGAN, FAGAN & BROTZ

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Howard Brotz, an American sociologist now at McMaster University in Ontario, proposes to talk sense about the political relations of the races in South Africa. He might have warmed up on one of the Labors of Hercules—slaying the Nemean lion, perhaps. For white South Africans are widely regarded abroad as simply a crowd of bigots dedicated to exploiting the indigenous black population and willfully indifferent to "world opinion."

Brotz knows better than that. He knows, undoubtedly, that in many areas of South Africa the ancestors of today's whites were on the scene long before the arrival of the ancestors of today's blacks. He explicitly recognizes that "the common franchise, as it would work in South Africa, would not unite the citizenry but trigger an ethnic struggle for power with the consequent political destruction of the numerically smaller whites." He is sensible enough to acknowledge that "Constitutional democracy in an ethnically plural situation should not require a people to commit ethnic suicide just because they are in a minority." He thereby implies, correctly, that South Africa's whites have no intention whatever of committing suicide merely to accommodate our era's Great Simplifiers. He may even share my suspicion that the South African government will shortly have at its disposal the nuclear weaponry to deter anyone at all from seeking to bring it down by force.



Brotz, in short, has his head screwed on right concerning South Africa, and his book is well worth reading.

He tells us that it "began as a study of the impact of industrialization upon racial policy in contemporary South Africa"—a fact that no doubt accounts for the wealth of historical and statistical information with which the volume is adorned, and which in turn excellently qualifies it as the textbook I assume it was meant to be. In the course of his study Brotz fell deeply under the influence of the writings of Henry Allan Fagan (1889-1963), a distinguished Afrikaner judge and political philosopher who in 1948 authored an official study known to history simply as the Fagan Report. This report set forth proposals which Brotz, even now, believes point the way to a sensible future for South Africa.

FAGAN'S FIRST axiom was "that the permanence of a settled black labor force [in the towns of South Africa] could neither be reversed nor denied." This assertion of course negates one tenet of the Nationalist government's policy of separate development, which regards the black tribal homelands as the only true homes, and hence the only legitimate political outlets, of South Africa's blacks, whose position in white South Africa is thus that of

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migrant laborers. (We can find an imperfect but useful analogy to the problem in America today, in the dispute over the proper political status of the Mexicans flooding across the Rio Grande. If as a practical matter they are permitted to stay and to work here, what political rights should they be entitled to? If they were so numerous that giving them the vote, as César Chavez has proposed, would promptly result in a Chicano President of the United States, is it safe to say that resistance to their enfranchisement would be considerable?)

Fagan's second step was to recognize "the political impossibility of instituting in South Africa the normal democratic franchise of one-man/one-vote." Having thus correctly perceived the central dilemma of South African politics, Fagan proceeded to resolve it by defining constitutional democratic government as government by the consent of the governed, and then proposing that the necessary "consent" of South Africa's urbanized blacks be derived, not from exercise of the franchise, but from a large measure of autonomy in their own affairs, and, in other matters, an elaborate process of "consultation, and again consultation," in open debates freely and fully reported in the press and other media.

How fair is Fagan's concept? He once quoted Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" and commented, "Does this mean the same as majority rule determined by a counting of heads? I do not believe that it does. It is much more general, much wider, much more elastic. It does not describe a formula but enunciates a principle."

One thinks of the Japanese Diet, in which the Liberal Party has often had an overwhelming majority. Japanese tradition, older and perhaps wiser than majoritarian democracy, nevertheless decrees that the government may not pass a bill until it has been discussed and modified in ways that make it at least marginally more acceptable to the other parties. And then there is the British House of Lords, technically without power to block the Commons, yet exercising a very real influence nonetheless. In the South African context, Fagan apparently assumed that the white minority would retain the casting vote; but does that invalidate the principle? The point is, a raw majority is not necessarily a governing consensus.

So Brotz may be onto something. His book will of course evoke only hollow laughter at the OAU and the UN—and perhaps even in Whitehall and Foggy Bottom. But when the disciples of violence have done their worst in South Africa, and if they have failed, men of good will may yet join Howard Brotz in attending respectfully to the words of Henry Allan Fagan. □

PEDAGOGICS

The Fall of Public Man
By Richard Sennett
Knopf, 373 pp., $15

A HIGH-WIRE ACT

SUSAN S. McDONALD

It's a portentous title, but gloomy coinage may be needed to convey the narcissism and social promiscuity of our culture. Richard Sennett, the New Left sociologist, is not the first to notice that Western society has been trading the protection of impersonality and social distance for ready candor and shallow, clinical intimacies. All this direct access to one another (by "relating," "being real," etc.) and the huge inventory of pop-psych strategies designed to get us in touch with ourselves reflect a focus on feeling over acting and behaving; on mood over manners.

One senses that compulsive self-immersion leads ultimately to some loss of self, but Sennett, in this interesting social history, goes further, arguing that the determination to invest all public expression with personal inflection saps the creative *political* energies of our society as a whole. When we can no longer conduct our business in the public sphere without personalizing it, he warns, we may no longer be able to act together effectively.

But the erosion of public-private distinctions—a byproduct of capitalism and secularism—is scarcely a recent development. Sennett describes, for example, the boisterous public life of London and Paris in the mid-eighteenth century (when early capitalism was first swelling those cities with crowds of anonymous newcomers) and compares it with the reticent and repressed urban culture of the industrialized nineteenth century.

Public life at the end of the *Ancien Régime*, runs Sennett's theory, was conducted according to strict sign systems; thus formal relations with strangers in public were set apart from personal relations in private. Street clothing—including the outlandish fashion adornments of the day—was designed to indicate one's social station with relative precision, while signifying nothing of "personality" or individual aesthetic sensibilities. In the theater—a favorite metaphor and social index of Sennett's—the notion of silent spectators privy to, rather than part of, the drama did not yet exist. The audience had license—indeed, were expected—to coax and catcall and vent their emotions unashamedly. Eighteenth century Londoners and Parisians could let it all hang out without disclosing or expending themselves, precisely because they were actors in a system which recognized in public only rank, not personality. Having not yet become individuated, the crowd was not yet inhibited.

By mid-nineteenth century, however, many of the social coordinates which had once located and defined strangers in the public realm had been erased, and the public-private geography itself had to be recharted. Economic and social dislocations accompanying industrialization, a deepening secularism, and the "discovery" of individual personality all helped deprive Victorian man of any buffer between his outward civil identity and his personal nature. Fear of disclosing one's inner self through expressive clothing or behavior palled not only public but private life as well. Victorians became, in effect, actors without masks, withdrawing from the stage in self-protection and staking out what Sennett calls a "right to privacy in public." Personality, and the public privacy so carefully contrived to protect it, were bourgeois, democratic inventions.

Contemporary society has inverted the Victorian public-private balance by exploring and disclosing freely what a

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previous generation sought fastidiously to contain. But each approach focuses obsessively on the self—one by self-denial, one by self-gratification—and each, Sennett warns, carries a psychological penalty. It is no accident that whereas hysteria was the emblematic Victorian affliction, narcissistic neuroses are epidemic today. Personal efficacy and fulfillment both require some degree of self-distance, a perspective not easily maintained in the last quarter of the twentieth century.

Sennett is an engaging (if sometimes showy and digressive) social analyst, and his historical cameos of theater and street life make entertaining reading. He is dead on the mark when he insists that it is both unrealistic and unrewarding to personalize what is more appropriately public. But when he turns to politics, his forceful arguments suddenly seem forced, the skewed product of a certain intellectual single-mindedness: he weighs *everything* in terms of the public-private balance, without paying appropriate respect to other salient variables.

SENNETT IS careful to avoid being politically programmatic, but he is distressed at the way matters of personality—our leaders' and our own—serve ostensibly to deflect us from real issues. He seems to be suggesting that if only we'd align ourselves according to impersonal principles (or perhaps principles of class) and keep our egos under wraps, our political system would operate more effectively—an argument I find ingenuous and rather vague. Sennett has a certain academic virtuosity that impresses without necessarily convincing, and his odd mosaic of supporting allusions (e.g., comparing the Dreyfus case to the Forest Hills public housing battle) simply doesn't add up to a compelling whole.

It is unrealistic to treat politics as a dichotomy between partisanship and ego; naïve to idealize a public culture that relied on rigid class lines to keep personality in check; easy, but mistaken, to overemphasize our own quixotic fascination with the personalities, habits, and motives of politicians. (For that fascination, we may blame media imperialism, and now Watergate, which called vivid attention to the sharp discrepancies between political role and personal character.) Still, *The Fall of Public Man* is unfailingly interesting and provocative scholarship, and I'm with Sennett *almost* until the end: I agree that our social relations (and our psyches) might profit from a little impersonality; but we are unlikely to transform our democratic politics with the same remedy. □

Dostoevsky: The Seeds of Revolt 1821-1849
By Joseph Frank
Princeton University Press, 401 pp., $16.50

DULL ORGIES

MITCHELL S. ROSS

How many times, reading one of the current esteemed biographies, do we hear the echo of Lytton Strachey rebounding down the decades? "To preserve . . . a becoming brevity—a brevity which excludes everything that is redundant and nothing that is significant—that, surely, is the first duty of the biographer." Thus spoke the master of biography-in-miniature as he introduced his *Eminent Victorians*. I fear Strachey's antidote is once again in order. Fat biographies are in fashion, and, as in Strachey's day, they are suffocating the art.

Consider the present effort, the first part of Professor Joseph Frank's projected four-decker on Dostoevsky. Here we find all the elements that drive gentle scholastics to superlatives: exhaustive, monumental, definitive. Here is an adventure in thoroughness, a repository of sound judgments. Here is a celebration of minutiae and an orgy of needle-threading. Here is a very dull book.

I confess that dullness is the only complaint I can lodge against this biography, which otherwise adheres to the highest standards of scholarship. But, unlike Mr. Frank's fellow English professors, I regard it as a serious complaint. Why cannot the good professor restrain his urge to tell us everything we do not care to know about nineteenth century Russia? Does he not suppose that we are capable of finding other books to fill in the picture?

Do you wish to know every variation played upon themes by Fourier in St. Petersburg, circa 1845? Mr. Frank is your man. Do you wish to swim in the concentric circles of the intelligentsia, dropping in today on Beketov, tomorrow on Petrashevsky, and the day after on Palm-Durov? Then let Mr. Frank guide you, but do not expect much style or sparkle along your tour. The various sketches would be interesting had the author been inclinded to write lively English prose; however, the scholarly temperament rules here, and we are forced to share the long hours in the library. If the author's primary interest were the art rather than the labor of biography, this book might be half as long.

What revelation survives the tedium? There is, early on, the start of a friendly spat between Professor Frank and poor old Freud, who, in drawing sustenance for his theories, seems to have made some dubious speculations about Dostoevsky's childhood. In fact, the novelist's early days do not appear to have been terribly remarkable, given the circumstances of Russia in those days. Young Dostoevsky digested a heavy diet of Russian Orthodox Christianity, and there is no question that this colored his attitude toward life. His father, the doctor, was not the ogre of legend, but a basically decent man of excitable disposition who was also prone to invest money beyond his means. His wife died young, and this affected him badly. By the time he was murdered by his serfs, he had become somewhat unhinged, but never really qualified as a tyrant. Whatever his financial troubles, he always managed to meet Feodor's requests for money at school.

ALLOWING FOR his precocity, Dostoevsky adjusted to the world fairly well. Of course, he inherited his father's nervousness and became an epileptic, but in his early days his behavior was not all that extravagant. The gambling compulsion, although nascent, had not yet overcome him; in the main, he was faithful to his duties as a student and a soldier, and, once seized with the ambition, worked hard to develop as a writer.

Gogol and Utopian Socialism were in the air, and Dostoevsky, very much a man of his time, strained to come to terms with them. The celebrated critic Belinsky tried to ram home his version of justice and freedom; others followed with their multi-toned hortation. Dostoevsky was attracted by much of it, but he was too exclusively an artist to swallow these tales whole; moreover, his character, as Mr. Frank says, "was a perverse and prickly one." Once the

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ideologues moved too close, he would start making unpleasant noises. When the authorities came to arrest him, they may have thought they had lassoed a ripe young subversive, but in fact all they were getting was a storyteller bumbling around in search of fresh material.

All the while, he was striving to develop a philosophy of Russian nationalism and trying to look deeper into the human soul. Time alone would bring a revelation of the first, and imprisonment would darken his mood and speed his researches in the depths. The early fiction discussed in this volume is barely readable today and hardly worth the effort; in Mr. Frank's words, "The truly tragic dimension of the later Dostoevsky is still lacking, the sense of the immitigatible and the irreconcilable, the clash of contending values each with its claim to absolute hegemony—love and justice, faith and reason, the God-man and the Man-god—which Dostoevsky alone of all the great novelists has known how to convey with such unrivaled force." So I look forward to Mr. Frank's learned discussion of the years of maturity, but I must hold my nose even as I hold my breath. □

FICTION

A Book of Common Prayer
By Joan Didion
Simon & Schuster, 272 pp., $8.95

DINNER IN THE RAIN FOREST

BENJAMIN STEIN

There is a certain segment of the American population for whom each day is an exercise in futility bound together only by certain rituals—shopping at exclusive stores, recalling elegant childhoods, peering into the pointless, limpid pools of water that gather outside $120-a-day hotel rooms. No one has ever succeeded in portraying these people as well as Joan Didion.

In her first novel, *Run River*, Miss Didion illustrated at great length the life of a rancher's daughter from California who, under pressure that would be small by most standards, goes insane. In *Play It as It Lays*, the heroine is a former model who, also for no clear reason, simply loses the ability to function and, after throwing aside family, career, and conventional behavior, narrates her story from a mental hospital. Now comes *A Book of Common Prayer*, a lineal descendant of those two stories about life at the breaking-point. This too is a story of a despoiled, broken human being playing out a life which signifies not quite nothing, but close enough.

Charlotte Bogart Douglas is from a well-to-do Northern California family. Her first husband was a drunken, sadistic academic boor, who left her with a daughter, Marin, and bad memories. Her second husband is a "with it" San Francisco lawyer who serves both radical leftists and military juntas with courteous efficiency. As the book opens, Marin, an 18-year-old terror, has joined with a group of terrorists to bomb an office building, and then hijack a jet airliner and burn it on network TV.

This is more than enough to unhinge Charlotte. She runs off with her first husband, travels in a state of hysteria through the South, leaves him, gives birth to a hydrocephalic child, leaves the dead infant in the Yucatán, and finally comes to rest in the mystic and mythic Latin American country of Boca Grande. There she becomes involved with the wealthy family who run the country (Joan Didion heroines do not travel tourist) and especially with Grace, the narrator of *A Book of Common Prayer*. After a few months of lunatic behavior, Charlotte meets her death in a revolution.

WHEN MARIN becomes a bomber, Charlotte's routine shatters, and she cannot put it back together. Like all Joan Didion heroines, she becomes, as we watch, the living dead, with no goals, hopes, or ambitions, no faith in anything, no capacity for deep feeling, a virtual automaton, capable primarily of bringing harm to those around her. Like all Joan Didion heroines, she can do nothing with nothing; and she does not even try. She tries only to establish a new routine and, heartbreakingly, fails even at that.

And yet, like *Run River* and *Play It as It Lays*, *A Book of Common Prayer* is an exquisite, magnificent, breathtaking piece of fiction. It is written in a spare style reeking of the poetry and exoticism of the tropics. I cannot think of a living writer whose prose matches Miss Didion's level of simple elegance, or the tremendous lyricism of passages such as the ones describing life for Charlotte Douglas in the Caribe Hotel in Boca Grande. But it is now clear that Miss Didion's medium is not her only message. In her splendid book of essays, *Slouching toward Bethlehem*, something comes out which is the key to why her novels interest a wider audience than psychiatrists and New Critics: in those essays, there is a uniform sense that life is not much more than a series of rituals. They may be the rituals of the rich or of the poor, of dentists in San Bernardino or of John Wayne on location, but they are still rituals, and, to Joan Didion, they are what life is made of.

MORE THAN that, rituals tell what kind of people we are. As Miss Didion wrote in the essay "On Self-Respect" (in *Slouching toward Bethlehem*), ". . . to give formal dinners in the rain forest would be pointless did not the candlelight flickering on the liana call forth deeper, stronger disciplines, values instilled long before." In Miss Didion's three novels, and especially in *A Book of Common Prayer*, we see what happens to people who vainly summon these deeper, stronger disciplines. They are people one step beyond the stage where rituals can reform life, but, for them, ritualism is still synonymous with living. Once the rituals cease, life stops —either through incarceration or through literal death. When Charlotte Bogart Douglas exhausts routine, she gets killed. Why not? There is nothing else for her to do.

What Miss Didion is exploring, here as throughout her works, is ritual as a means of survival. Through her descriptions of the rich shopping-bag ladies of California, she makes us see that those mundane habits we have grown accustomed to regarding as deadening can in fact be that which makes life possible. It is an inadequate defense for Miss Didion's pitiful heroines, but a rite, a ritual, a common prayer is worth having. In *A Book of Common Prayer* the case is extreme, but the lesson is universal. □

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The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin
By Vladimir Voinovich
Farrar, 316 pp., $10

BACK IN THE USSR

VICTOR GOLD

Summer 1941, as Hitler's armies are poised to invade Russia, a small Red Army plane of no particular military value makes a forced landing in a field. The pilot—after first being mistaken, by a nervous local chairman, for a representative of the Maximum Responsibility Committee of Inspection—is eventually returned to his base. But, needless to say, a Red Army plane, even an obsolete percale-covered one-seater with a conked engine, cannot be allowed to rest unguarded near a pig sty.

Miles away, upon receipt of appropriate recommendations from his aides, the air battalion commander responsible for the plane issues the following directive: "Having heard and carefully considered all the hogwash which each of you, according to his ability, has proposed [snaps Lieutenant Colonel Opalikov], I have come to the conclusion that we will leave the plane where it is until a motor can be brought there. In the meantime, a guard will be posted. . . . Some loafer, anyone. Let him snooze by the plane just so long as there's somebody in charge there."

So BEGIN the misadventures of Private Ivan Chonkin, and his investiture as the supreme military presence in the *kolkhoz* of Krasnoye. Once there, he takes up life with Nyura, a young farmwoman, his name, number, and assignment having slipped through a military bureaucratic crack back at headquarters; until, through a series of untoward events, not the least of which is the launching of Operation Barbarossa, he re-emerges in the collective mind of the District Committee transmogrified into the dread leader of the counterrevolutionary Chonkin Gang.

Some critics have compared this satire on the World War II Soviet military establishment to Heller's *Catch-22*. To this reviewer, however, Ivan Chonkin, the innocent rube victimized in turn by bullies and shrewdies, came through as more of a Red Army Barefoot Boy with Cheek than as a Yossarian. Voinovich's broad spoof of Soviet life under Stalin, his lunatic caricatures of the Communist system and the military mind, are done in a style more akin to Max Shulman's than the existential Heller's.

To be sure, a book whose very publication was a political as much as a literary event does tend to inspire a critical search for deeper ideological implications. Seven years in the writing, smuggled chapter by chapter to Western outlets, *Chonkin* developed what its dustjacket describes as "a legendary reputation in the West as well as in the Soviet Union" long before being completed in 1970: thus the temptation to approach the book with a degree of reverence not necessarily conducive to a proper appreciation of farce.

For example: to intone, as did the *Times Literary Supplement*, that this comedy of bureaucratic errors contains a "human meaning as profound and touching as what we have come to expect from Solzhenitsyn" is to confuse political significance with literary values. Conceded, Voinovich and Solzhenitsyn write in the same language. Both are courageous Soviet dissidents who shared the experience of carrying on their work despite the strictures imposed by a Communist police state. But to compare *Chonkin* to *Gulag* or *Cancer Ward* is to do a critical disservice to author and reader alike. It is as if a Russian critic, reviewing literary assaults on the American military establishment during World War II, were to equate the "human meaning" of Shulman's work with that of James Jones's.

Frankly, this reviewer found little in *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin* that was staggeringly "profound" or "touching." I did, however, find it funny. Not Heller funny, but ha-ha funny, in the slapdash style that endeared Shulman to the WW II American generation which, if it didn't know life under Comrade Josef, did share the universal experience of trying to survive not simply the enemy but the regimented stupidity of our own side. If Norman Lear is in the market for some fresh political sitcom material—a Red Army-style *M*A*S*H*—I recommend *Chonkin* to whoever is preparing his summer reading list. □

TELEVISION

DECLINE OF THE WESTERN

CHRISTOPHER BALDWIN

Television, as everyone knows, has become a potpourri of police shows. There are *Kojak*, *Baretta*, *Police Story*, *Police Woman*, *Hawaii Five-O*, to name a few of the current crop. On any given night on any given station one can hear the wail of sirens, the hail of bullets, and the anguished cries of the maimed and dying from the alleys and dope-infested, garbage-strewn streets of the big city. Almost overnight, police shows have become America's Number One viewing pastime.

It was not always thus. Not so very long ago, America was in love with the Western. There were, to be sure, several police shows then on the air (*Naked City* and *M Squad* come to mind), but they were by far the exception. *Gunsmoke* was undisputed champ in those days, holding the title nearly twenty years before a tough young contender called *Bonanza* knocked it off and assumed the exalted position. And other Westerns were waiting in the wings, ones like *Restless Gun*, *Trackdown*, *Have Gun—Will Travel*, *The Virginian*. Producers ground them out like sausage, feeding the public what it craved and reaping profits from America's hunger for frontier stories.

But IN A span of roughly five years, from 1964 to 1969, all this changed (except, of course, for the profits). From the great deserts and prairies of the West, from rugged individualists and laconic loners, we turned to the world of overcrowded courts and precinct houses and urban barbarism, of moles and snitches and iron-jawed Internal Affairs officers. New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles became our points of reference, replacing Laramie, Yuma, and Santa Fe. In short, we be-

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came a nation of city slickers regardless of where we lived.

Now it might be argued that this represents a facing up to reality, that it is an attempt to lock horns with the crises of our time: drugs, crime, despair. And, in a sense, it is. We are none of us quick-draw artists or bounty hunters or army scouts, so why dally with these types on television? Nowadays, TV exists for the purpose of masochistic self-criticism, of agonizing reappraisal, of showing how all are equally responsible for the current malaise. Zane Grey is out of place here; only Joseph Wambaugh can tell us how it really is.

And how is it, really? If someone wishes to know without going into the streets himself, why, police shows can tell him. The authorities are after dope importers, hit-men, pornographers, psychos out on murder sprees. In the course of their investigations they nab assorted small-fry pushers or informers or hustlers, intimidate them (legally, of course) and use them to help set up the big bosses. If the small-fry happen to get caught in the line of fire, well, it's in pursuit of a noble end. For the last 45 seconds of the show some sympathetic and compassionate cop-hero will lament their demise and fulminate against the evils of the environment and how nobody cares. Then it all ends until next week.

WESTERNS cannot compete with this kind of thing because they operate primarily on a man-to-man basis. Gunslinger *v.* gunslinger, marshal *v.* outlaw, bounty hunter *v.* cattle rustler. Reflecting modern life, television now deals primarily in abstracts, anonymity, and grandiose concepts. We are inured to it. The entire police force of New York, some twenty thousand strong, pits itself against the Don's criminal empire. If the blue knights cannot nail him, the FBI, with all its vast and unknowable apparatus, finally rumbles in to clamp down the lid. Technique fights technique, organization battles organization, even among the criminals themselves. It is a technical marathon to see who can be more efficient, bribe more cops, corrupt more politicians, swindle more innocents, bamboozle more investigators, recruit more shysters, and get more cases thrown out of court on technicalities.

No matter how deep the characterizations or how poignant the personal struggles illustrated by Westerns, they lack this technical element, and that was enough to banish them from the airwaves. It is total organization and technique, from top to bottom, that create social realism in television's asphalt jungle, not simply the killing and mayhem; God knows the Westerns provided plenty of that. No, the cop shows present a picture of man insulated from nature by refuse and concrete, locked inside concentration camps called cities, and functioning only in terms of an order dictated by the cops. Technique, which created this predicament in the first place through modern urban planning, finally becomes constrained to administer salve to our psychic wounds in the form of television entertainment depicting (let us wallow in our own misery) the very environment we instinctively loathe.

In this connection, police shows become subtle instruments of propaganda. Says Jacques Ellul, "Propaganda itself cannot be efficient unless it brings into play the whole state organization, and particularly the police power. Conversely, police power is a genuine technique only when it is supplemented by propaganda, which plays a leading role in the psychological environment necessary to the completeness of police power. But propaganda must also teach acceptance of what the police power is and what it can do. It must make the police power palatable, justify its actions, and give psycho-sociological structure among the masses of the people."

Police shows, then, the gravediggers of Westerns, are servants of a psychosocial goal: to adapt us to a technical, highly organized, and unnatural environment. The themes of men in harmony with nature, of lone rangers confronting one another on their own terms, are less suited to our human condition than the wail of sirens and the agony of the streets. What Hemingway once said about the decadence of modern bullfighting, we may now apply to television: it has reached its fullest flower at its rottenest point, which is the present. □

ART

QUID PRO QUO

RUTH BERENSON

The long-awaited exhibition of Russian and Soviet Painting, third in the series of shows which the Metropolitan Museum has garnered in its detente-motivated alliance with the Soviet art authorities, opened with more of a whimper than a bang. Nor are the show's weaknesses all attributable to politics: the examples of Socialist Realism which fill the last two galleries are neither worse nor better than visitors to Russia have reported, though their striking resemblance to paintings from the Nazi period shown in Munich earlier this year is even more blatant than photographs had led one to surmise. One may lament that only a few of the medieval icons on view are of top quality—but this is understandable considering the fragile condition of so many of them. The selection of eighteenth and nineteenth century works seems adequate, though it is too bad that such highly original artists as Repin and Serov are not shown at their best. As for the twentieth century section, the Soviet authorities have made a propaganda gesture by permitting Americans to see a number of paintings (including two by the present-day dissidents Plavinsky and Kanduarov) which are *verboten* to their own citizens. These paintings serve mainly to underscore the deadening mediocrity of the rest of the exhibition.

Probably the main reason Russian painting has been a closed book to most Westerners is precisely that mediocrity.

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Its history is short, for the art of painting, in the Western sense of the word, scarcely existed in Russia until the end of the eighteenth century. Before that, Russian art was limited to the glowing icons that are still its glory: a hieratic, linear, otherworldly art meant to direct attention from this world to the next, an art that changed hardly at all over the centuries. How to represent man in the real world, the chief preoccupation of Western painting from the thirteenth century almost to our own time, did not concern the icon painters; the difficulty they experienced in adjusting themselves to the alien, Western mode is well illustrated by the earliest portrait in the exhibition, dated around 1630 and as unreal as if it had been the effigy of a saint rather than a living man.

It was Peter the Great who, by ukase, decreed the existence of Western-style painting in Russia. He and his successors, especially the German-born Catherine II, lured artists from all over Europe to decorate the new marble palaces of St. Petersburg, to paint their portraits, and to teach the natives. It is hardly surprising that the earliest Russian-born limners—like the one whose portrait of Peter the Great's drinking crony, Yakov Turgenev, is one of the show's high points—seem, despite the occasionally awkward drawing and over-bright color, more quintessentially Russian than their technically more accomplished, Frenchified confrères and successors.

Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, most Russian painting seems to have been drearily provincial. There were exceptions: the proto-Symbolist landscapes of Kuindzhi; the wide-ranging, painterly naturalism of Repin; and especially Vereshchagin, whose *Apotheosis of War*, a hillock of skulls in a desolate, burnt-over landscape with a flock of vultures wheeling overhead, was an uncanny presentiment of the Gulag.

Even so, this hardly prepares us for the astonishing burst of creativity that began in the 1880s with Serov and Vrubel (the latter hardly is done justice here) and, a few years later, with Leon Bakst, known in the West through his sets and costumes for the Diaghilev Ballets Russes. These and later artists—Kandinsky, Malevich, Tatlin, Larianov, Goncharova, to mention only the most familiar—looked to indigenous Russian folk art for inspiration, taking from it the strong colors, heavy outlines, and flat patterns out of which their later essays in abstraction developed. From around 1911 to the mid-Twenties, Russian art was in the vanguard of European modernism, which makes its murder at Stalin's hands, so visible in the Soviet art that fills the last two galleries, all the more tragic.

In numbers and in canvas yardage, these glorifications of Soviet might, full of bombast and empty rhetoric, seem to dominate the entire display. Which raises an important question: Is the Metropolitan (and is the San Francisco Fine Arts Museum, which will show Russian Painting from August 6 to October 9) justified in sponsoring this exhibition at all? With the few exceptions noted, it is aesthetically unrewarding—though it might have been much better, had the space devoted to Communist propaganda been used to hang more work by those dissidents, dead and living, whose talent the regime has vowed to stifle. What we are shown surely has no place in a serious museum. By presenting it as art—instead of publicly warning that, as must have been the case, this was the *quid pro quo* demanded by the Soviets if they were to lend anything at all—the Metropolitan has not only debased its own standards, it has allowed itself to be used as a mouthpiece for a brutal regime that suppresses the values of artistic freedom to which all museums of art are properly dedicated. □

TRAVEL

THE LOIRE: ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Herewith, now that vacation season is upon us, a quick, opinionated tour of the Châteaux de la Loire. These are the places you really shouldn't miss on a three-day trip; but should your schedule be upset by finding as you drive up to Blois at 11:58 that it is closed from noon to 2:00, some are marked as optional.

Angers (optional): If you're approaching this region from the west, don't miss it. A massive fortification of white stone and slate with high rounded towers that escaped total destruction on the orders of Henri III only because Henri III was himself assassinated in time. The deep moat has been laid out in formal flower gardens; deer graze in certain parts of it. A marvelous vista from the ramparts. The fourteenth century Tapestries of the Apocalypse, which are beautifully presented, should not be missed—even by those who don't dig tapestry.

Chinon: Where what André Castelot calls "*les grandes heures de la Loire*" really started. Only the ruins remain of the hilltop castle in which Joan of Arc first met, and recognized, the Dauphin. The interior is now laid out in lawns and gardens, punctuated by little towers, the remains of the throne room, an old keep—and strolling peacocks. If you spend a night at Chinon, spend it at the Hotel Gargantua (this is also Rabelais country) in the heart of the old city. You may find your bathroom in a turret, but the food is excellent, and some of the rooms have a view of the château. The battlements are splendidly lit at night.

Fontevrault (optional): For history buffs. A monastery and onetime prison in whose church are buried Eleanor of Aquitaine, queen of both England and France; Henry II, her disputatious husband; and their son, Richard Cœur de Lion. England wants the bodies back for Westminster Abbey. The French contend that they lie in Fontevrault as Counts of Anjou (although there is some question as to how much of them actually lies there, the French being great scatterers of ashes when aroused).

Ussé and *Villandry* (optional): Both near Chinon and worth a quick look. Ussé, it is said (alas, only in older guidebooks), is the château that inspired Charles Perrault to write "The Sleeping Beauty." The gardens at Villandry are formal and extensive and well worth a leisurely stroll-through. Don't bother to visit the château itself.

Azay-le-Rideau: Also near Chinon; a perfect small, non-royal château surrounded by a pleasantry of a moat and lovely gardens, a splendid example of a Renaissance manor house with the turrets and towers fashioned to ornament, not repel.

Chenonceaux: One of the more spectacular châteaux, with a graceful

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two-story gallery built over the river Cher. Plan, if possible, to spend one or better yet two nights in Chenonceaux. It's central to the remaining major châteaux (Chambord, Blois, Amboise, Loches) and has two good inns, the Hotel du Bon Laboureur et du Château, and the Ottoni. (The food's better at the Bon Laboureur.) The beauty and grace of Chenonceaux is spectacularly highlighted by the nightly *Son et Lumière*. It was this castle that Henri II, of France, gave to his mistress Diane de Poitiers (Diana the Huntress, as she liked to be painted), and it is out of this castle that Catherine de' Medici, Henri's widow, booted Diane following Henri's untimely death. In exchange, Catherine gave Diane

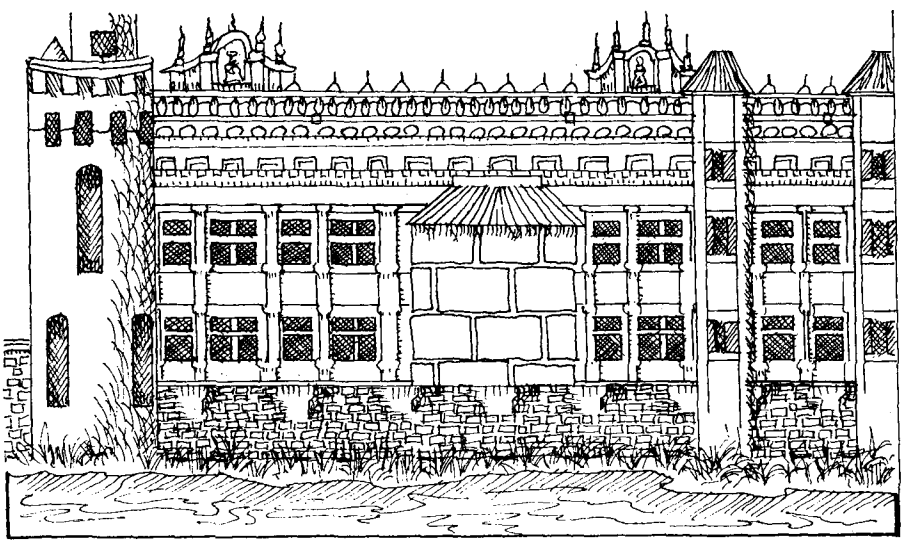
Chaumont (optional), a dark and dank castle overlooking the Loire between Amboise and Blois. Look at it from the Blois (north) side of the river; skip the visit if time runs short.

Chambord: The château most closely associated with its builder, François Ier, from whose spacious rooftop terraces the court ladies and gentlemen once watched the highly choreographed arrival of Charles V of Spain. Chambord still lies at the heart of the vast preserve in which the kings and courtiers of France hunted stags and wild boar. It was at Chambord that Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* was first performed. You can also see in Chambord the royal coach sent to bring the last of the Bourbons back to Paris to be crowned King of France in 1874, in the wake of the Commune. But the Comte de Chambord (Henri V, he called himself), true to his royal legacy, refused to accept the *bleu-blanc-rouge* of the Revolution and on that ground refused the throne. (Don't miss the spectacular toy artillery set Chambord was given to play with as a child. It is said that a shell from the toy cannon can pierce a stone wall.)

Blois: Fascinating architecturally. A half-dozen French kings embellished it, and a disastrous royal brother, Gaston d'Orléans, tore part of it down. Particularly stunning are the Louis XII brick gateway, with its mounted statue of the king over the archway, and the François Ier Italian Renaissance exterior stairway. It was in Blois that Henri III had Henri, Duc de Guise, and his brother, Louis, Cardinal of Lorraine, murdered in 1588. It was here that Catherine de' Medici, it is alleged—largely by Dumas père—had her poison cabinet. It is from these massive walls that the portly Marie de' Medici, exiled to Blois by her son, Louis XIII, escaped by having herself lowered in a basket.

Amboise: Just down the river from Blois. It has a tiny chapel dedicated to St. Hubert, patron of hunters—a delicate Renaissance masterpiece in which Leonardo da Vinci is buried. Leonardo was brought to France by François Ier and lived his last years in a house (which you can visit) up the street from the château. It was in the courtyard at Amboise that numbers of Protestant conspirators were hanged (the commoners) and beheaded (the gentlemen), while the young Charles IX and his court watched from the balconies.

Loches: A little out of the way, about twenty miles south of the Loire, but shouldn't be missed. A fascinating château on a rocky promontory overlooking a narrow-streeted medieval town that itself overlooks a wide and fertile plain. From the parapets of the château the guide will show you where the old walls stood, pointing out the medieval gates to the city and the various fortified towers. It is here that Louis XI is said to have imprisoned a cardinal in a cage he had painted scarlet lest His Eminence not feel at home. (French authorities in an access of delicacy spirited away the cage one dark night.) It is here that Agnes Sorel, the beloved of Charles VII, is finally buried, her grave having had a more adventurous life than she did before finding its last resting place.



AND NOW, as Michelin says, for *un peu d'histoire*, an instant *aide-mémoire* of the important royal figures in the two centuries in which much of French history was made in the Loire.

Charles VII (reigned from 1422 to 1461)—Joan of Arc's Dauphin. Chinon and Loches are his châteaux.

Louis XI (1461-1483)—son of Charles. The Spider King. Loches.

Charles VIII (1483-1498)—son of Louis and husband of Anne of Brittany. He was killed in his twenties when he knocked his head on a low doorway on his way to a tennis match in Amboise, whereupon

Louis XII (1498-1515), his cousin, succeeded him and courted the widowed Anne (some say by force) and made her (and not so incidentally her vast domains) his. It was a great love match flawed only by Anne's failure to produce a son who would live to manhood, which was why

François Ier (1515-1547)—yet another cousin, son of Louise of Savoy—came to the throne, having already cemented the link by marrying Anne of Brittany's daughter, a lady who comes down to us in history only as "*la douce et mélancolique Claude*," and whose emblem is the ermine. (His is the salamander, of which you will soon have had enough.) François brought back from the wars in Italy the Renaissance artists and craftsmen who were to put their distinctive touches on Chambord and Blois, and on French building more generally.

Henri II (1547-1559)—son of François, married Catherine de' Medici (another Italian import). Henri, a good and wise monarch, was killed in a tourney by Montgomery, captain of the Scottish guard that had accompanied the infant Mary of Scotland to France where she would be married to

François II (1559-1560), a sickly boy who was king for little longer than a year and was succeeded by his brother,

Charles IX (1560-1574), another

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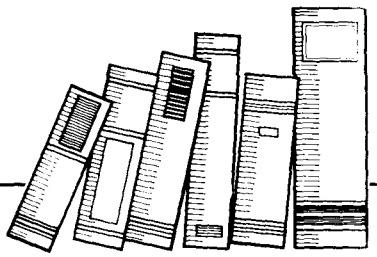

Dark Horses

AMONG THE OMENS of conservative revival is the fact that many forgotten classics of libertarian/traditionalist thought are beginning to be reissued from the press. Given conservatism's stress on continuity with the past, such efforts at recovery would seem, indeed, to be the quintessential conservative undertaking.

Entering into this endeavor on a lavish scale is the newly created publishing house of Liberty Press, an offshoot of the Liberty Fund in Indianapolis (7440 N. Shadeland Ave., 46250). Under the general editorship of David Franke, formerly of this magazine, Liberty Press is bringing forth a handsome series of conservative reprints including *The Wealth of Nations*, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and W. H. Hutt's *Theory of Idle Resources* (a grand attack on Keynes), to name a few.

As the titles suggest, the emphasis at Liberty Press is on the libertarian side of things, but the publishers have an excellent feel for the traditionalist mode as well. Witness the most recent offering in their reprint series, a beautifully mounted edition of Sir Henry Sumner Maine's learned polemic, *Popular Government* (introduction by George W. Carey, $7.95). This is a true and needed service to modern scholarship, since so far as I am aware the book is otherwise unavailable in commercial format.

Maine is famous to generations of college students for his morphology of ancient legal custom and his theory about the movement of society from relationships of status to those of contract. Less known is the fact that this late-Victorian friend of Acton's was also a trenchant critic of modern politico-legal practice, and a formidable foe of the leveling doctrines that were making substantial headway in his era and have broken free of all restraint in ours.

Popular Government argues persuasively that the modern tendency toward plebiscitary democracy, extension of subsidies, and concentration of power in the central state must inevitably lead to political and economic ruin. Maine documents his case extensively from the record of Victorian Britain and the experience of the Continent, and contrasts to these the then-superior performance of the American system of limited government, checks and balances, and reliance on the energies of private enterprise.

The prophetic nature of Maine's discussion should be immediately apparent, but it is confirmed with striking force by another libertarian-conservative classic that has recently been reissued after catching cobwebs for a generation—John T. Flynn's *As We Go Marching* (Free Life Editions, 41 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003, $3.45). This may be the most important of Flynn's books and, doubtless for that very reason, has been the most neglected. Its discussion of mass authoritarian movements in the middle of the twentieth century forms an almost perfect sequel to Maine's discussion of them in the nineteenth.

WHAT FLYNN ARGUES, with his usual lucidity, is that the growth of centralized government, executive power, massive welfarism, runaway debt, and conscript armies under liberal auspices in America parallels, almost point for point, the rise of Fascism in Mussolini's Italy and Hitler's Germany. Writing at the height of World War II, Flynn is slightly guarded in the treatment of his *bête noire*, Roosevelt, but the message is tolerably clear: had there been a Committee in Charge of Becoming What We Are Attempting to Combat, FDR would have been the obvious choice for chairman.

In his later years, Flynn's quarrel with "militarism" in all its guises led him to break with conservatives on the nature of the Communist danger and the steps required to deal with it. These differences will occur at once to any reader of the book, and indeed are stressed with apparent relish by the Left-libertarian who writes the present introduction. But whatever one's opinion on this score, there is much of value in this ably reasoned and brightly written volume.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 682)

sickly boy, best remembered for tolling the bells that set off the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre. He also died young, making way for yet a third brother,

Henri III (1574-1589)—the last of the Valois kings. Henri laid the groundwork for an end to the bloody religious wars of the sixteenth century in bloody fashion—by the murder of the Catholic brothers Guise in Blois—and by his subsequent reconciliation with the head of the Protestant party,

Henri (Paris is worth a Mass) *de Navarre*, who succeeded to the throne (1589-1610) upon the assassination of Henri III. Henri IV, the first of the Bourbons, was at one time married to la Reine Margot, sister to the aforementioned unfortunate Valois brothers, and quite a racy dame in her own right by all accounts. He later married Marie de' Medici (niece of Catherine), whose son,

Louis XIII (1610-1643), started the transformation of a little hunting lodge in Versailles into something more important. In due course the French court moved north, away from the smiling Valley of the Loire, whose history I now conclude. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

How Jimmy Won, *by Kandy Stroud (Morrow, 442 pp., $10.95).* Presidential elections spawn books about themselves. Ever since Theodore White began his quadrennial accounts of the process with *The Making of a President* in 1960, analysis has taken on the pretension of understanding. So the startling victory of Jimmy Carter last fall was bound to produce its own exegetical, indeed oracular, literature, and Mrs. Stroud has initiated it with what is on the whole an agreeable bang. She calls her book *How Jimmy Won*, and certainly she shows how, as far as actual events can show it. We have here a minute description of Carter's long and careful planning—of the primaries, the convention, and the election itself—told from the point of view of a reporter who covered it (for *Women's Wear Daily*) scrupulously and exhaustively. We also have her observations of Carter, his family and background (especially Miz Lillian, Rosalynn, and Billy), his campaign staff, and the Atlanta "family" which gave him his principal political backing from the days when he ran for governor of Georgia. We have, finally, Mrs. Stroud's personal contacts with the President from that first vibrant conversation among the azaleas in front of the governor's mansion in Atlanta in 1974 through all her subsequent encounters with the candidate during the campaign. These were interesting, fruitful encounters, and Mrs. Stroud's own reactions to him as a candidate and a person are, naturally, the best things in the book. But the real "how" of Carter's victory escapes her, as it escapes everyone. Somehow the springs of his action still defy convincing definition by those who chronicle his career. To the articulate chorus of American political drama he remains a mystery. No one can get a fix on him; the co-ordinates refuse to cross, and so to tell it all is to tell very little. In the chapter on his religious beliefs, Mrs. Stroud, typically, is reduced to writing like someone from the *National Geographic* describing the rites of a tribe, for to journalists the Plains Baptist Church has nearly always been an institution too alien to be taken seriously. Of his political victory, she says, weakly, that he won "because he offered the hope of something better." Surely there must be more to it than that. Given these limitations the book is honest and useful. And Mrs. Stroud's personality is always friendly and diverting. Here is a professional newspaperwoman who is a credit to her trade, who shies away from occupational poses and bogus seerdom, and who tells what she has to tell with skill and gusto.

NICHOLAS KING

The Restless Journey of James Agee, *by Geneviève Moreau (Morrow, 320 pp., $10.95).* Having contributed a little to this book myself, and having known the subject most of his adult life, I had hoped that Geneviève Moreau's study would throw some light on a central enigma of that life: why Agee, who despised and condemned the institution of marriage, allowed his entire personal life and creative career to be ravaged, victimized, and ultimately destroyed by three unhappy marriages. Not a word is said about the motives, personalities, or even appearances of these three strong and no doubt good women, and until this is done to some degree, what can we really know about the evolution of this writer who rejected art-for-art's-sake and in so doing recognized that "I am making the choice most dangerous to an artist in valuing life above art"? In tracing the relation between Agee's journalism and stated opinions and the characters and preoccupations of his novels, Miss Moreau is wonderfully thorough and ingenious; and her book, as far as it goes along these surfaces, is enthralling. It will be the basis of a definitive biography, if such ever can be written, and for that we must be grateful. But for those, like this writer, who believe that *A Death in the Family* and *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* tower above the fiction and poetry of Agee's contemporaries, hope for more will have to wait.

SELDEN RODMAN

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

W[ILLIA]M WILKERSON:

Wilkerson's Law

The anatomy of any community includes [four kinds of bones]: Wish-bones—those who will go along with an idea, but want someone else to do the work. Jaw-bones—who talk a lot but do little else. Knuckle-bones—who knock everything everyone else does. Back-bones—who get behind the wheel and do the work. (From *The Comanche Chief* [Texas])

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Carter-Talk

On The Right

Flint, Michigan, May 18—A week on the road persuades you that there is one and only one persistent question on people's minds. It is: What do you think of Jimmy Carter? It bespeaks an anxiety to think something about him different from the usual characterizations, all the more because they are not by any means identical. People want to know what Jimmy Carter is "really" like. People both hope that he is holding out on them—and fear that he is holding out on them. There is the useful wisecrack in a play of Oscar Wilde's. "I hope you have not been leading a double life, pretending to be wicked, and being really good all the time. That would be hypocrisy."

THIS MUCH is safe to say. (What is unsafe, I'll say later.) If Carter turned tomorrow to the left, he would disappoint and surprise about half his constituents. If tomorrow he turned to the right, he would disappoint and surprise about half his constituents. As he stands, both groups tend to co-opt him. It is not a bad position to occupy.

Conservatives are vaguely pleased that he has put off elaborate new federal programs, most particularly the further socialization of medicine, and welfare "reform" defined as a pre-emption of welfare as a federal concern. They are pleased that he has not yet been snookered by the Communists—thus setting a record for Democratic Presidents, who typically give away an invaluable resource within a hundred days or so of taking power. And they are pleased that he did not bestir himself either to bring on the repeal of 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, or to give the unions common-situs picketing rights.

The liberals are pleased that he has put an end to the purchase of Rhodesian chrome. It has been years since they slept peacefully, worrying about all that Rhodesian chrome coming in from that "illegal" country. They are pleased that he has articulated an energy policy that bristles with rhetoric against Daddy Warbucks types—whether oil and gas producers, or oil and gas consumers. They are clearly attracted to the glorious possibilities inherent in taxing gas and automobiles, and remitting the proceeds to the liberals' favorite people, the poor, and the people the poor vote for, namely the liberals, their friends, and the bureaucracy. They like Carter's human rights talk, particularly when aimed at countries for which they feel a visceral dislike. These are countries that have refused, sometimes by the use of force, to permit Communization. The prime offender, since the death of Franco, is Chile. Carter scored heavily when in a single statement he denounced Chile, Argentina, and Uruguay. His sallies against Soviet oppression are welcome, but a little more timid. You see, the liberals do not want us to go back atavistically to the cold war. They would rather lose it. They also like Carter's republican style. It is high time the President of the United States carried his own briefcase. Conservatives tend to the belief it is high time the President emptied his briefcase.

WHAT IS unsafe to say about Carter is where he will go from here. Will the energy program be encumbered with barnacles, each representing a special interest? Will a letter to Sakharov, one year hence, be suddenly inconceivable? Will we come back from SALT II having lost our cruise missile, in return for nothing very much? If Tito should in the period immediately ahead join his ancestors, and the Soviet Union were to touch off local disturbances, will we stand in the way of Russia's 25-year-old dream of re-acquiring effective power in Yugoslavia? Candidate Carter seemed to be saying so, but then that was the same hour during which the President of the United States told us that Poland was already free, so maybe it was an off night. What if inflation goes back to say 9 or 10 per cent, two or more points higher than they are now talking?

It will be bracing to see Mr. Carter take a step more republican even than carrying his own briefcase. He might periodically remind us that we are a self-governing people, and that for the answers to these questions we should look, mostly, to the Congress, not to the President. □

NOTES ON NIXON

New York, May 20—Really, the Nixon-Frost production is high television. It absolutely demonstrates the indispensability of the medium. The program was to a considerable extent a *visual* experience. Reading the transcript is not enough. Nixon is, as Garry Wills wrote almost ten years ago, probably the most interesting man to have entered public life. Mind, Ivan the Terrible was interesting also. But it continues to come out and out, extruded by David Frost with a sense of an infinity of supply. You get the feeling that like Niagara Falls, the cataract could continue indefinitely, a profusion of history, half-history, cunning, self-service, histrionics, poignancy, jabberwocky, and, God save us, even a trace of wit.

How many hours did Frost spend on Nixon and Mao Tse-tung? But imagine coming away from Nixon on Mao with practically the whole of the conversation devoted to "the incomparable humor" of Mao Tse-tung. That is on the order of Héloïse recalling on television about Abélard only that he ate Grapenuts for breakfast. And truly the infatuation between Nixon and Mao is a fascinating thing. There was the film clip, Nixon and Pat, visiting Mao in the winter of 1976, plucked out from the isolation of San Clemente, like Cinderella, for one day in the Chinese limelight, Nixon grasping Mao with both hands.

Mao was treating Nixon with such affection as is shown to him in America only by Robert Abplanalp and Bebe Rebozo. So we are told that Mao's "sense of humor" is absolutely "devilish." And as evidence of the wisdom of Mao, we are given this from the Chairman's collected thoughts: "Nothing is hard if one dares to scale the heights." Edgar Guest would have been embarrassed by that. In China, it will fuel a whole Cultural Revolution.

Nothing much about Taiwan. Why didn't Frost push him on the subject? All Nixon would say was that the Chinese gave no "express" assurances that they would deal peaceably with Taiwan. But we *knew* that. What we

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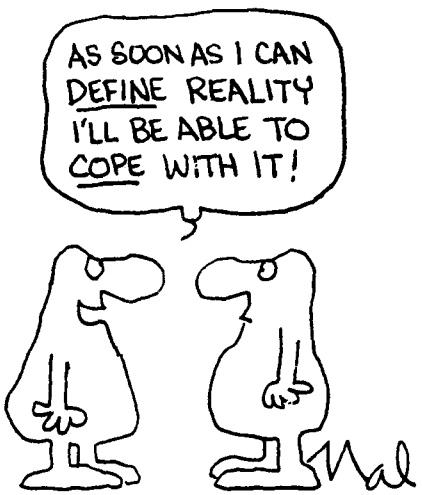
needed to know was what Nixon told Mao we would do about it if the Chinese moved against Taiwan. All we got from Nixon was that it was his opinion "the Chinese don't want to be involved" because of "internal problems." But people representing the Carter Administration are going around saying that Nixon agreed to "normalize" after the 1972 elections, and that this meant withdrawing from Taiwan. Kissinger is saying that's not true. Why wasn't Nixon asked? Or if he was, why was that section of the tape cut? Will the balance of what was filmed be shown anywhere? At the Smithsonian? If so, please advise.

The human rights business. Nixon said that if he had gone about making "a big grandstand play" over the right of the Jews to emigrate to Israel, he would have accomplished nothing. This was the principal sally of the evening at President Carter. Frost might have observed that, by all accounts, repression in the Soviet Union has increased during the past few years, which, as it happens, are the years of detente. The high point of liberalism in the Soviet Union was reached in 1956, which, as it happens, was the high point of the cold war. There is no necessary correlation, in either direction. Frost should have dragged this out of Nixon, and let us hear directly from his lips whether he disapproves Carter's statement that the Russians ought to live up to their Helsinki obligations.

First rate stuff, the characterization of the Russian leaders. Amoral, too, and in a sense that is as it should be. But Nixon charged into the meaning of detente, and, by the time he was through defining it, it was left without any meaning at all. He said detente is an "interrelationship," that it is "knowing each other," that it is settling "before the flashpoint." Well, what's new about that? Eisenhower had an "interrelationship," had "conversations," didn't get us into war, but there was never any question in the public mind about his feelings about the Communists. Nixon said, of Brezhnev et al., "They want a Communist world." But he said nothing at all about how they propose to achieve the Communist world, nothing about the relative strength of the Soviet Union vis-à-vis American strength on the day he left office, compared to the day he took office.

Then there was the charming blooper. Nixon's Polish liberation. "I'm an old Navy man," he said, to validate his authority for describing the "bow" of a boat as its rear end. No wonder he has trouble defining detente. □



CONSERVATIVES AND MARIJUANA

New York, May 23—The Conservative Party of New York State is, of all political parties, the closest to my heart for reasons ideological, historical, and personal, and that party is now engaged in making a bad mistake, with national implications. Herewith a *cri de cœur*, from a godfather-godson of that party.

In New York State, as in so many states, there are draconian penalties for smoking marijuana. Three years ago, visiting Attica prison, I spotted alone in his cell a 21-year-old former student, busted in some rural county and sentenced by a literal-minded judge to two years in jail for smoking marijuana. During the late Sixties and early Seventies, the public mood changed to the extent of opposing jail sentences for marijuana users. However, a referendum in California in 1972, proposing decriminalization for marijuana users, was defeated, and it was wearily at that time assumed that America would set out resolutely, as in some of the surviving prohibition counties, to maintain primly a law on the books, while regularly flouting it. (Since then, however, the state legislature in California has voted to decriminalize marijuana.)

My guess is that you could walk into a police station in New York City dragging on a marijuana cigarette without getting arrested. But there is always that judge out there, before whom a marijuana user is occasionally paraded, who simply leafs through the statutes and prescribes the legislated penalty. It is to shelter the occasional victim that a reform bill has been put together in Albany, which bill, at the last reading, is threatened by lobbying against it by the Conservative Party of New York.

Mr. Serphin Maltese, executive director of the party, is correct in pointing out that there is increasing evidence of the danger of marijuana. Dr. Nicholas Pace, president of New York City's Council on Alcoholism, writing in the *New York Times*, designates alcohol as the single most dangerous drug now consumed in the United States, but tells us that marijuana *could* better it. "Scientific studies worldwide have shown that chronic marijuana use causes inhibition of cellular growth, reduction in sperm production, development of abnormal sperm cells, interference with the synthesis of important genetic material in the cell, interference with the immune system, destruction of chromosomes, abnormal embryonic developments, and, above all, brain damage."

It cannot be over-emphasized that to seek a reform in the laws is not to encourage the use of marijuana: the one proposition does not follow from the other, any more than it follows that the stricter the penalty, the more infrequent the use. The proscription of marijuana smoking by law has failed as unmistakably as national prohibition failed. What is needed isn't such laws as are currently on the books in New York, which punish possession of as little as one-quarter ounce of marijuana with up to one year in jail, and up to seven years for greater amounts. What's needed, as Dr. Pace suggests, is something on the order of the Sacramento Citation-Diversion Program, which requires youths arrested for possession to take a drug information study course upon the completion of which their arrest records are "wiped clean."

ANY EXPLICITLY conservative party is especially vulnerable to the charge of unthinking traditionalism, and it is awful to think of the contempt the party will earn itself if it succeeds in its current endeavor. It is said that the Conservative Party seeks an opportunity to show its muscle. If so, an analysis by John Stuart Mill is relevant. He said in a speech in Parliament, "I never meant to say that the Conservatives are generally stupid. I meant to say that people are generally Conservative. I believe that is so obviously and universally admitted a principle that I hardly think any gentleman will deny it. Suppose any Party, in addition to whatever share it may possess of the ability of the community, has nearly the whole of its stupidity, the Party must, by the law of its constitution, be the stupidest Party; and I do not see why honorable gentlemen should see that position at all offensive to them, for it insures their being always an extremely powerful Party."

But there are other ways of achieving power, and these should be elected. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A confused O. T. heroine found in a mixed-up movie — 56 85 206 66 148 177 157 186

B. The kind of order a waitress would put things in — 73 123 142 165 178 96 213 193

C. This English jurist didn't carry much weight — 103 68 92 216 151 203 183 214 225

D. France's civil law, not named for a civilian — 147 15 78 125 179 197 205 17 47 62 104 201

E. Administered the rules of a game — 194 80 18 55 105 131 149 219 192 202

F. Tales by James Fenimore Cooper — 199 122 24 50 72 97 115 89 130 36 159 75 90 195 109

G. A type of error in baseball — 210 100 83 95 135 124 31 49

H. His legal code began correctly — 81 3 185 134 57 215 107 181 224

I. What letter writers were in the olden days — 2 45 52 70 223 87 21 37

J. You should have the body — 121 34 61 69 112 126 1 16 7 22 209 222

K. Latin plea used by a prominent American of Greek ancestry — 133 118 23 40 53 79 229 137 139 154 175 187 204 207

L. A civilian who watches for approaching airplanes — 140 129 116 5 84 152 158

M. Possession — 226 43 108 171 32 102 160 76 143

N. Restricted — 64 161 144 98 132 71

O. Season your admiration for a while with an _____ ear. — *Hamlet* — 8 14 19 26 35 42

P. To become altered from a solid to a liquid state, usually by heat — 99 46 170 74

Q. A serious attempt — 166 190 188 145 117 101

R. A matter finally decided on its merits by a court having competent jurisdiction and not subject to litigation again between the same parties — 191 20 33 113 127 180 184 25 218 230 59

S. A bird related to the herons — 88 150 198 162

T. This could be used to pay off a chess bet — 38 168 174 12 106

U. An appropriate name for a mountain range — 94 156 211 153 60 136 9 138 63 141 77

V. A comic of many years ago (fol. *The*) — 119 221 196 164 208

W. An O. T. judge — 28 228 6 173 189 220 146 217

X. The type of crops that many farmers get paid for — 200 58 65 30 48 167 182

Y. Squealed — 41 163 212 10 176 155

Z. Where one saw five acts of vaudeville in the days before talking pictures — 44 4 111 51 13 29 128 227 11 54 86 114 169 172

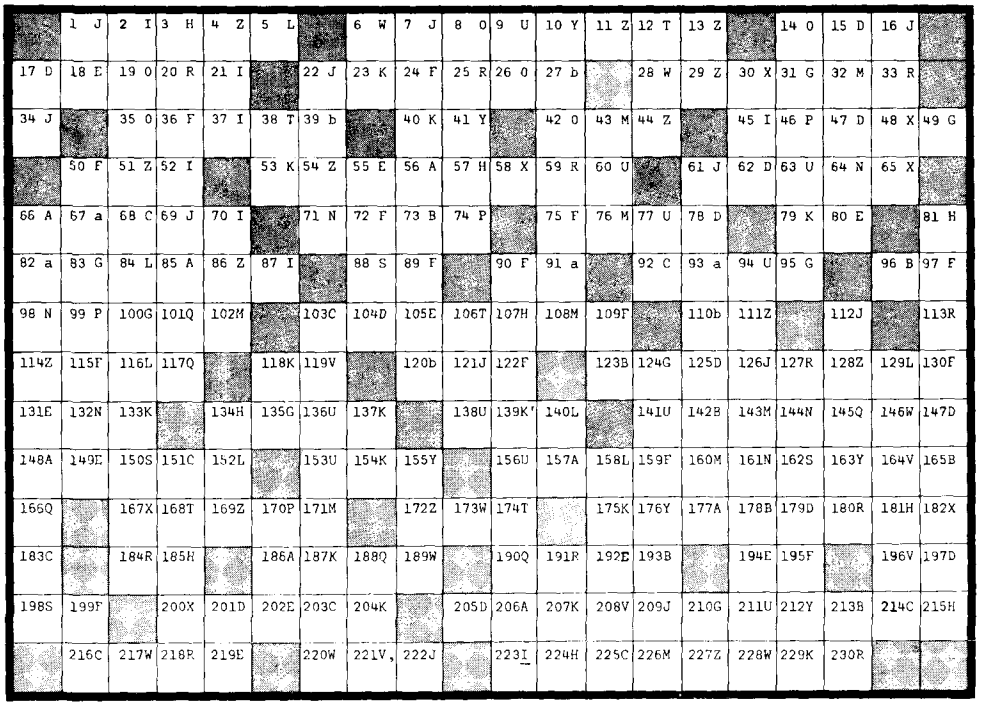
a. Famous left-handed pitcher who wrote with his right hand — 67 82 91 93

b. Closed — 27 39 110 120

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 685 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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WHAT'S BETTER THAN SPEED READING?

SPEED LEARNING

(SPEED PLUS COMPREHENSION)

Speed Learning is replacing speed reading because it's easy to learn . . . lasts a lifetime . . . applies to everything you read . . . and is the only fully accredited course with the option of 3 college credits.

Do you have too much to read and too little time to read it? Do you mentally pronounce each word as you read? Do you frequently have to go back and re-read words or whole paragraphs you just finished reading? Do you have trouble concentrating? Do you quickly forget most of what you read?

If you answer "yes" to any of these questions — then here at last is the practical help you've been waiting for. Whether you read for business or pleasure, school or college, you will build exceptional skills from this major breakthrough in effective reading, created by Dr. Russell Stauffer at the University of Delaware.

Not just "speed reading" — but speed reading-thinking-understanding-remembering-and-learning

The new *Speed Learning Program* shows you step-by-proven-step how to increase your reading skill and speed, so you understand more, remember more and use more of everything you read. The typical remark made by the 75,000 slow readers who completed the *Speed Learning Program* was: "Why didn't someone teach me this a long time ago?" They were no longer held back by the lack of skills and poor reading habits. They could read almost as fast as they could think.

What makes Speed Learning so successful?

The new *Speed Learning Program* does not offer you a rehash of the usual eye-exercises, timing devices, costly gadgets you've probably heard about in connection with speed reading courses or even tried and found ineffective.

In just a few spare minutes a day of easy reading and exciting listening, you discover an entirely new way to read and think — a radical departure from anything you have ever seen or heard about. Research shows that reading is 95% *thinking* and only 5% eye movement. Yet most of today's speed reading programs spend their time teaching you rapid eye movement (5% of the problem) and ignore the most important part (95%) *thinking*. In brief, *Speed Learning* gives you what speed reading *can't*.

Imagine the new freedom you'll have when you learn how to dash through all types of reading material *at least* twice as fast as you do now, and with greater comprehension. Think of being able to get on top of the avalanche of newspapers, magazines and correspondence you have to read . . . finishing a stimulating book and retaining facts and details more clearly and with greater accuracy than ever before.

Listen-and-learn at your own pace

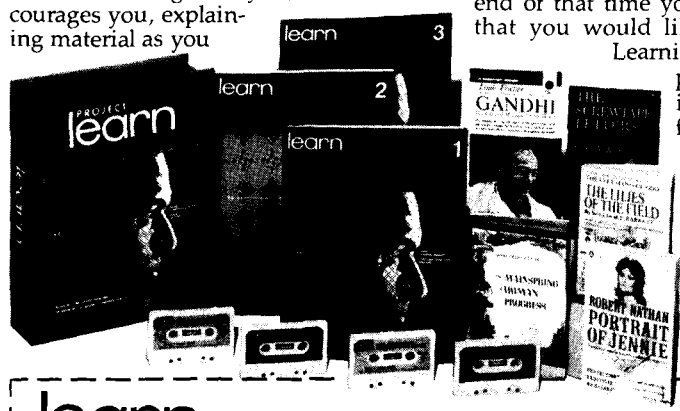
This is a practical, easy-to-learn program that will work for you — no matter how slow a reader you think you are now. The *Speed Learning Program* is scientifically planned to get you started quickly . . . to help you in spare minutes a day. It brings you a "teacher-on-cassettes" who guides you, instructs, encourages you, explaining material as you read. Interesting items taken from *Time* Magazine, *Business Week*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Family Circle*, N.Y. *Times* and many others, make the program stimulating, easy and fun . . . and so much more effective.

Executives, students, professional people, men and women in all walks of life from 15 to 70 have benefited from this program. Speed Learning is a fully accredited course . . . costing only 1/5 the price of less effective speed reading classroom courses. Now you can examine the same, easy, practical and proven methods at home . . . in spare time . . . without risking a penny.

Examine Speed Learning FREE for 10 days

You will be thrilled at how quickly this program will begin to develop new thinking and reading skills. After listening to just one cassette and reading the preface you will quickly see how you can achieve increases in both the speed at which you read and in the amount you understand and remember.

You must be delighted with what you see or you pay nothing. Examine this remarkable program for 10 days. If, at the end of that time you are not convinced that you would like to master Speed Learning, simply return the program and owe nothing. See the coupon for low price and convenient credit terms.



In most cases, the entire cost of your Speed Learning Program is Tax Deductible.

EARN 3 COLLEGE CREDITS

The program may be taken as a 3 credit university-level course. Complete details and enrollment application are included with each program. With this option, SPEED-LEARNING becomes eligible for coverage under most corporate tuition-assistance plans.

Dr. Russell G. Stauffer, originator and research director of this program, has been Editor of the International Reading Association Journal, Professor of Education, University of Delaware.

learn INCORPORATED 113 Gaither Drive, Mount Laurel, N.J. 08054 NR-4

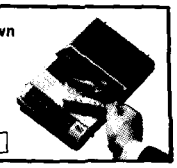
Please send me the Speed Learning Program at $79.95 plus $3.00 for handling and insured delivery.
Please check the method of payment below:

☐ Check or money order enclosed for items ordered.
☐ Please charge my credit card under their regular payment terms: ☐ Bank Americard
☐ Master Charge Interbank No. _____ ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club
Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

I understand that if after 10 days I am not delighted in every way, I may return the materials and obtain a full refund with no questions asked.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
x Signature _____

If you don't already own a cassette player, you may order this Deluxe Cassette Recorder for only $49.95. (Includes handling and delivery.)
Check here to order ☐



New Jersey Residents add 5% sales tax

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This is Antique Glass™, one of the new ceilings in the Armstrong Designer Series. Its bright reflective surface produces a new overhead brilliance.

Adding the extra dimension of color is important to a designer. Even in a ceiling. That's why Armstrong has created Antique Glass — one of four innovative new designs that give you a choice of something besides white.

Here, we've developed a sparkling mirrorlike look that reflects all the beauty of a room's surroundings. It shimmers and shines like glass itself, but since we've affixed a polymeric film surface to 12" x 12" mineral-fiber tile, it combines the unique visual appe of a mirrored surface with the added benefits of acous cal and fire-resistive properties. And that makes it a lo more practical than glass. Use it to make t ceiling an integral part of your interior de to add depth, geometry, definition. And u our other decorator ceilings — Corkstyle, Gold Leaf, Registry — for the same purpo Write us for the colorful details. Armstror 4207 Rodney Ave., Lancaster, Pa. 17604.

FROM THE INDOOR WORLD® OF Armstrong

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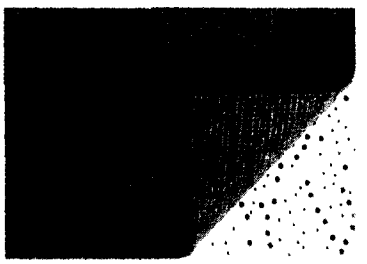
Soundsoak™ Wall Panels from Armstrong. Their quiet good looks are almost as pleasing as their acoustical efficiency.

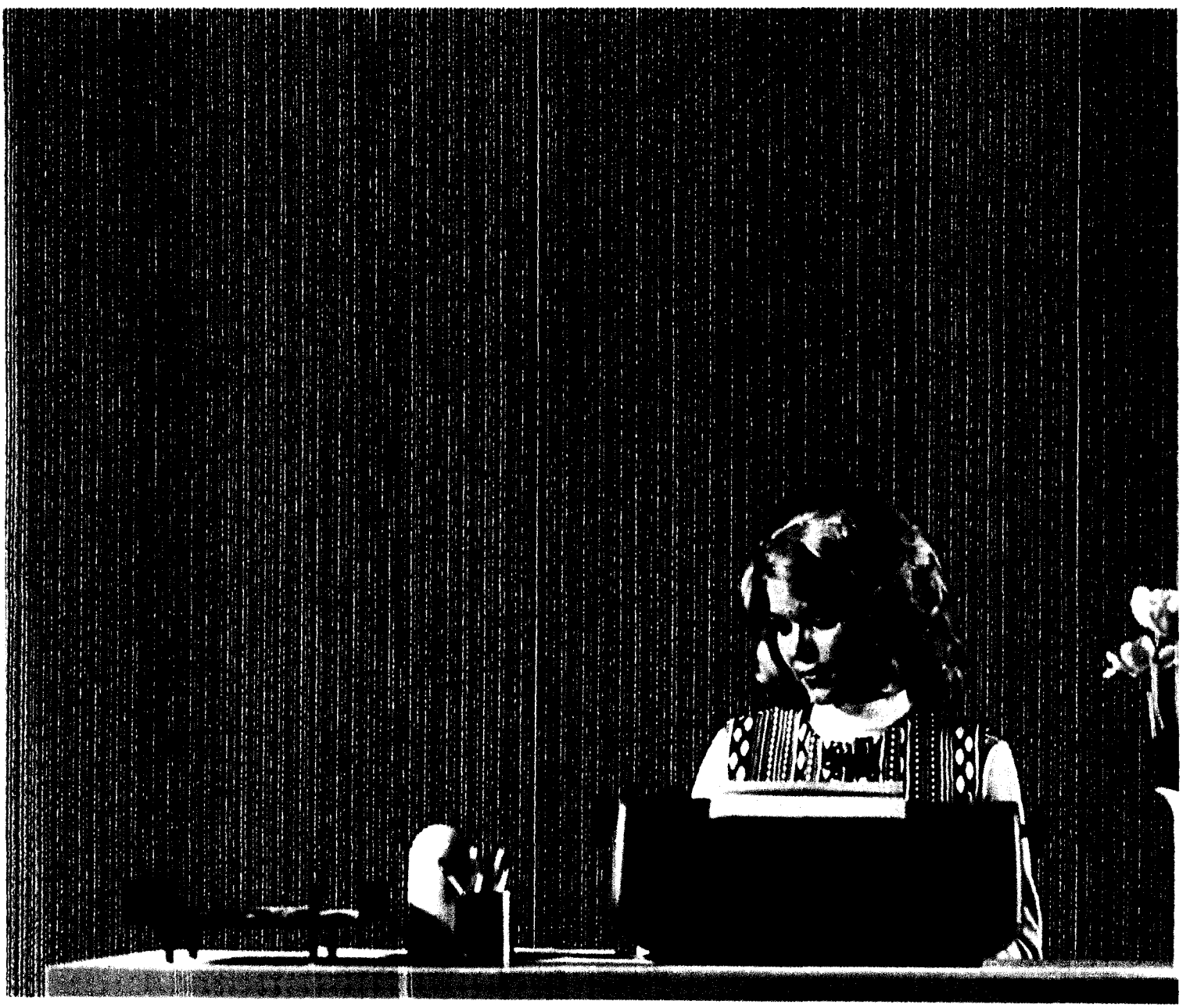
The wall that contributes to beauty doesn't always contribute to silence. Carpeting or other fabrics, for instance, may look terrific, but their effect on interior noise leaves a lot to be desired.

Soundsoak Wall Panels are another story. Because only after we made them absorb noise did we make them radiate beauty. And we made them do both by taking perforated mineral-fiber board and covering it with a soft modacrylic fabric. What results is a ¾-inch panel that absorbs 60% of the sound that strikes its surface—a fabric surface blending fibers of various colorations with vertical embossing in an attractive visual. Available in twelve updated natural and accent colors.



Soundsoak Wall Panels are 30 inches wide and 9 feet high. They can be easily installed on interior plaster, drywall surfaces, brick or block walls by simply attaching aluminum splines and locking the panel edges around the splines for total concealment.

And whether you're concerned with new construction or renovation, you'll be hard put to find anything else that provides such a striking effect on the eye and such a quieting effect on the ear. To learn more, write Armstrong, 4206 May Street, Lancaster, Pa. 17604.



FROM THE ® INDOOR WORLD® OF Armstrong

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Kent Golden Lights

Taste so good you won't believe they
in tar than all these 100's.

19 MG TAR 1.2 MG NIC | 18 MG TAR 1.1 MG NIC | 18 MG TAR 1.0 MG NIC | 16 MG TAR 1.2 MG NIC | 19 MG TAR 1.4 MG NIC | 18 MG TAR 1.2 MG NIC | 18 MG TAR 1.2 MG NIC

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976. Kent Golden Lights 100's Regular and [illegible] per cigarette by FTC Method.

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